

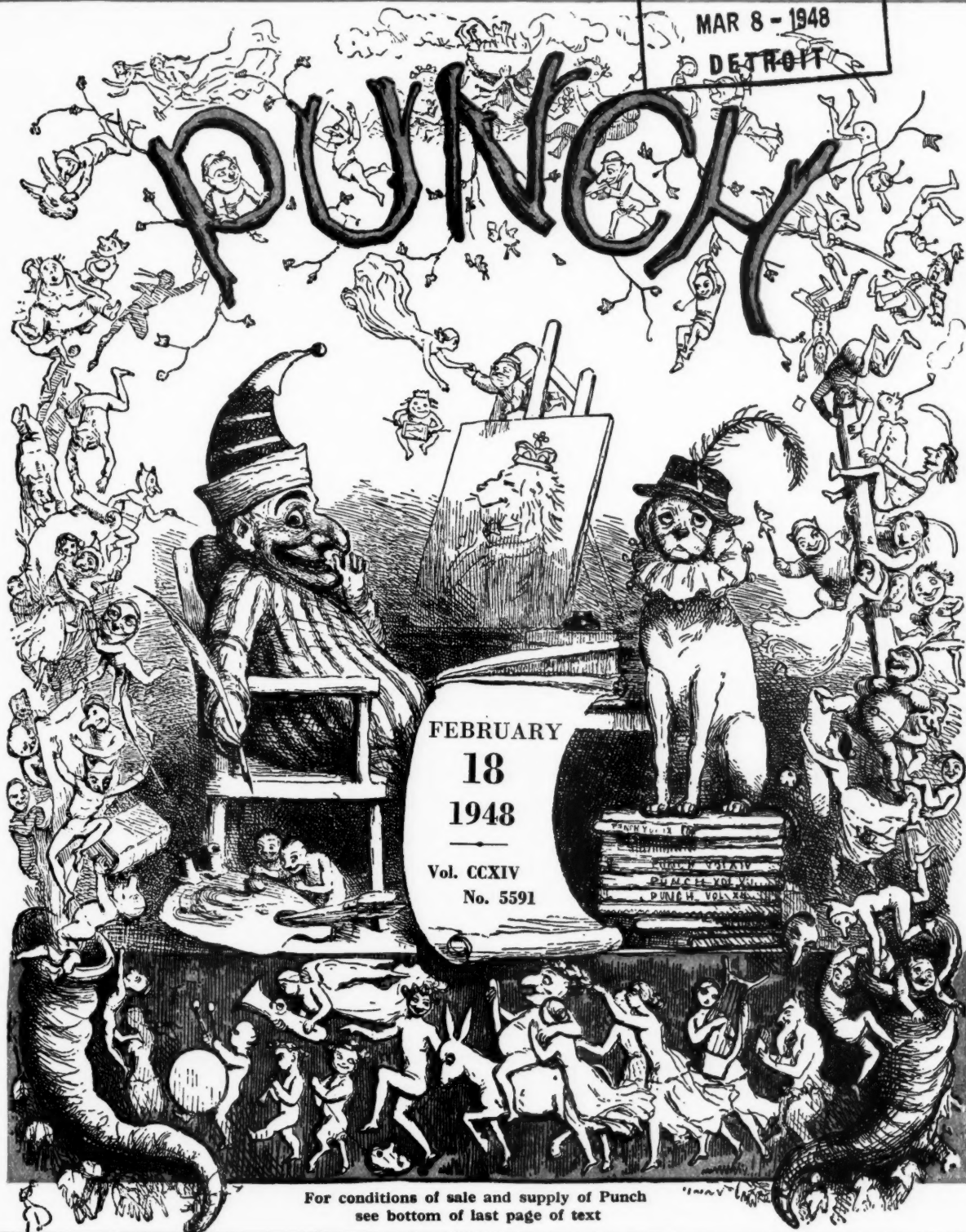
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DETROIT

PUNCH



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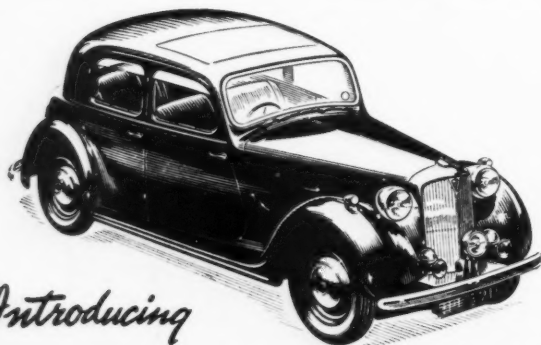


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P.693A

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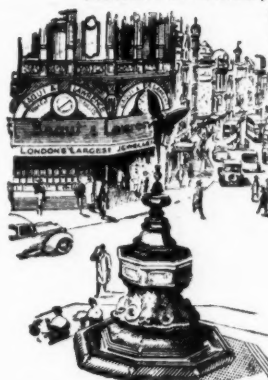
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CYS-20

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by most Coopers Y-Front stockists.

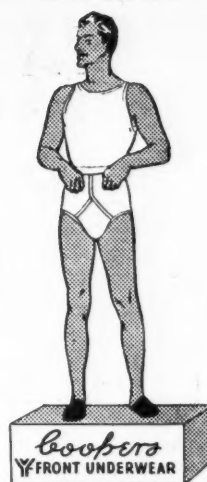
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shop in your district—by doing so you

can help to make certain of receiving a set

—for what supplies there are go to him. Therefore, ask whenever

you see this sign—you may be lucky first time!



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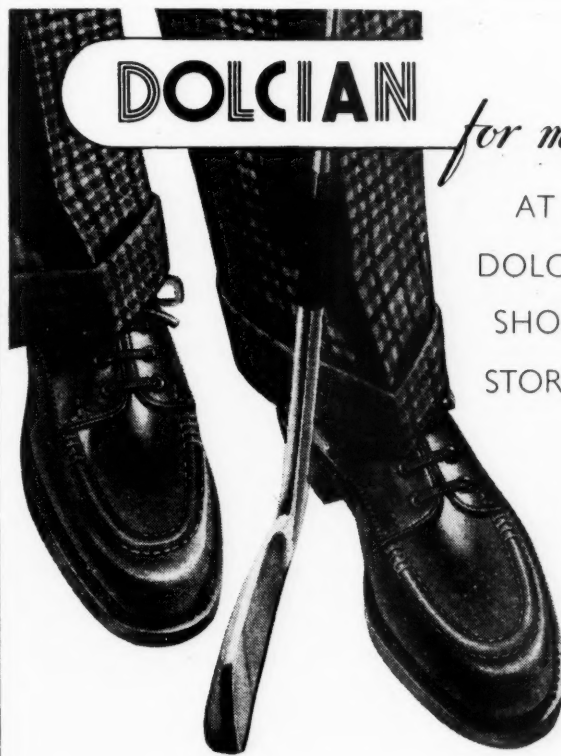


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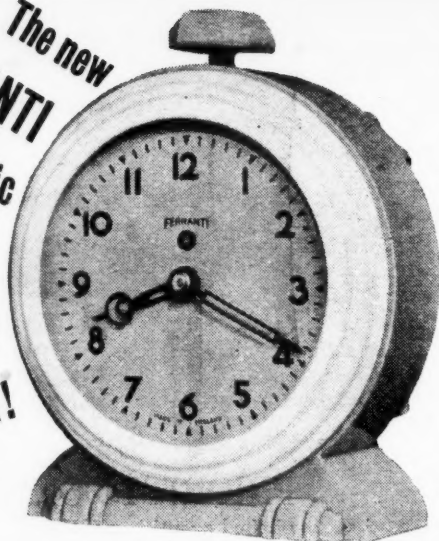
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CVS-100

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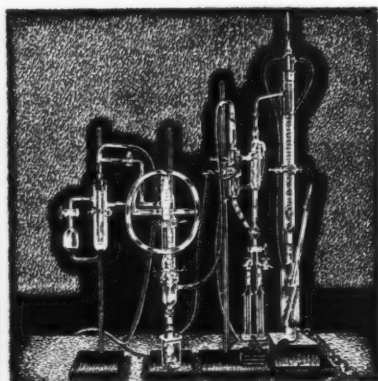
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DUNLOP



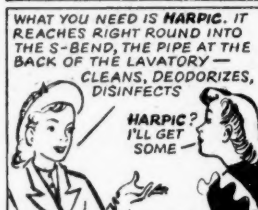
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Here is a fine example of the glassblower's art. It is a highly efficient fractionating column, used to separate liquids by distillation. The principle of "fractionating" is very simple. Suppose the chemist has

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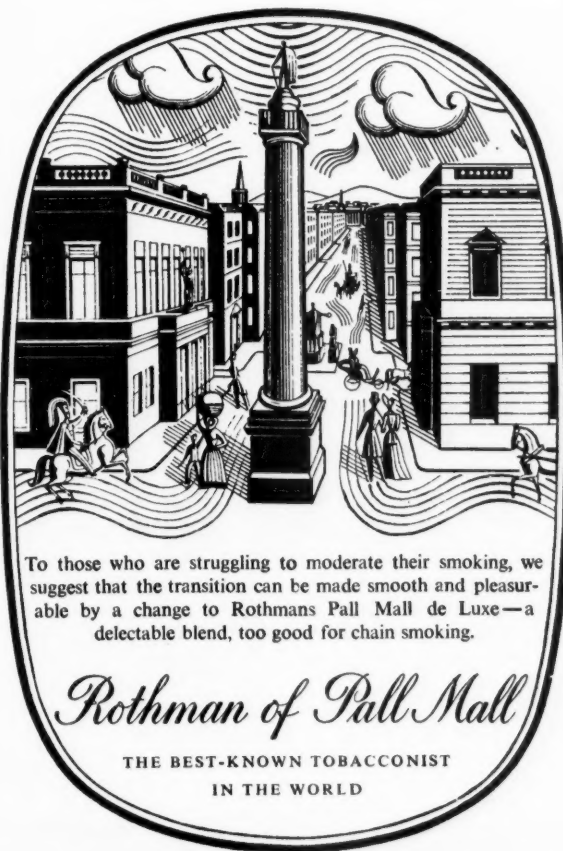
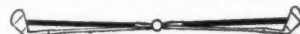


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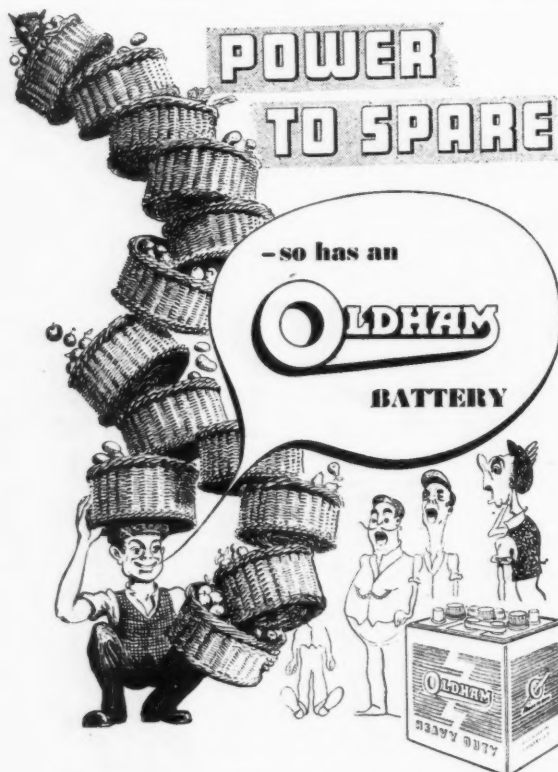
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"I'm going to have a
MORRIS"



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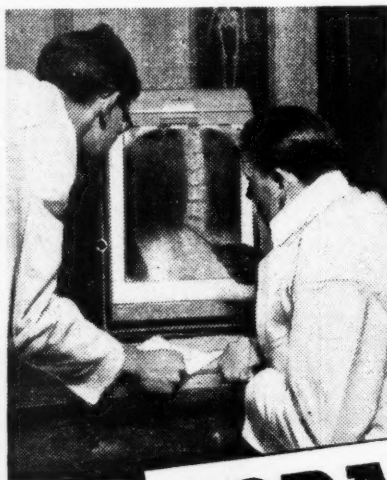
Tough and reliable for mile after trouble-free mile, Goodyear tyres are built to give Long Life and Hard Wear. Every Goodyear tyre has been tested and re-tested for these qualities. Remember, the All-Weather Tread with the diamond design is always there for your safety!



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"Better operate at once..."

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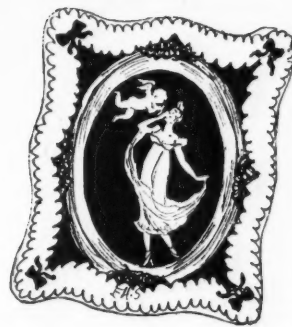
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PUNCH

Or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCXIV No. 5591

February 18 1948

Charivaria

THE £ is now authoritatively stated to be worth between seven and eight shillings. But the vicious spiral doesn't end there: we all know what the shilling is worth.

Max Intrator is reported to have been unable to find £17,000 bail. It is understood that he ascribed his failure to the shortage of British visitors.



"A depression centred near the Wash . . ."
Weather forecast.
Mona Lot?

An American Olympic competitor at St. Moritz had his pocket picked. The British Treasury made adequate arrangements to prevent anything of this nature from happening to British competitors.

A columnist remarks that the railway traveller now has Whitehall behind him. If he applies for a sleeping-berth, of course, he'll find it's the other way round.

In America a joint of pork is to be cooked by wireless waves. So far as we know there is no regulation here to prevent listeners from enjoying the crackling.

A monument has been erected in Vienna to the inventor of the picture postcard. It will probably be inscribed "Having a good time. Wish you were here."



The training of air hostesses now includes midwifery and cocktail shaking. The latter is for expectant fathers.

Air War

"Church had two windows to the memory of the Red Indian Princess Pocahontas (blown out by enemy action) who was buried here."—*From a Touring Gazetteer.*

It is announced that the Government has entered into a new long-term egg agreement. We know those long-term eggs!

"I prefer a pipe but find that I always bite through the stem," says a doctor. He should try to keep his mind off Mr. Bevan.

"Seven-a-side Rugby comes into its own in April," says a sporting writer. The same system adapted to cricket is expected to be introduced rather earlier by the M.C.C. team in the West Indies.

"About 20 detectives ran up the steps and knocked on the door, which was opened by the landlady."—"News Chronicle."
She thought somebody was there, perhaps.

A Pinner (Middlesex) man has been fined because neighbours were annoyed by a chuckling noise made by his ducks. This should be a warning to anyone thinking of keeping hyenas.



The Mad Old Men

IT was in the Isle of Moonshine (the ancient travellers say)

That the workers in the cities demanded so much pay
Their work was lost in extra cost for food and drink and play,

Till nobody would buy their stuff and use it overseas

"Because," they said, "our home-made goods are quite as good as these."

So the ships that came to harbour to bring the golden grain
Turned back without a cargo and did not call again.

And the Mad Old Men of Moonshine, perceiving this was so,
Devised a novel system that would make the island go:
They shut up all the cinemas and the dance-halls in the town

And they took them to the country and there they set them down.

"Since everyone in Moonshine," they said, "is pleasure-mad
They'll have to find amusement where amusement can be had.

For every scrap of land we have shall go to herds and wheat
And men shall have the fun they need who make the food they eat.

To see the splendid film-stars, and drink the beer they wish
Shall be the prize of those that plough and sail the seas for fish,

And those who cannot live their lives unless they back the dogs

Must delve and sweat before they bet, and feed the ewes and hogs."

New villages and dirt-tracks they then began to build
In spots remote from public note where land remained untitled,

And in the summer moonlights the glorious picturedrome
Released its joys to girls and boys who got the harvest home.

So half the towns were empty and the people streamed away
To the lights of Nether Wopping and of Lumpleigh in the Clay,

And all the roads and railways were filled with workmen bound

For the quiet country places where fish shops could be found;

It rather spoiled the landscape which once had been so neat,

But the Mad Old Men of Moonshine said "Now we can compete

And trade with other countries, for we've got enough to eat;
And if they do not want the stuff we make from forge and mine

We'll bate the price a bit for it and barter as we dine."
But how the whole thing ended and what at last befell
The Mad Old Men of Moonshine, the travellers do not tell,
Some say it worked out badly, and some say rather well.

EVOE.

o o

H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

THIS Belle-Lettre is on the wide, gay subject of Holidays. From the various notes open to me to open on I have selected that of Nostalgia, so stand by for a few evocative snippets. . . .

The rain, like cold steam, soaking through your waders, as to windward of the gillie you crawl inch by inch over the heather-topped hill-brow on the trail of quail . . .

On the golden sands, stretched out like a carpet before the glass sun-lounge of the Grand Hotel, starfish, anemones, seaweed and jellyfish, like giant *hors d'œuvres* . . .

Guide-book in hand, sniffing the keen northern air, asking the way to the Free Trade Hall . . .

The Armenian sailor, putting the remains of a jazz record on the cheap gramophone, the Professor of Archaeology from Boston dancing with Fifine and, in a corner, Osmond looking down on the yellowy-green in his glass, waiting for the pink lemurs to attack once more . . .

The English governess in the Constantinople express with her string-bag of bridge-rolls and stories of the danger of foreign food . . .

Assuming that one at least of these holiday scenes will call up happy memories, let me switch to the grimmer side of holiday-making—anxiety about what goes on in your absence. The housewife has either left the house empty, in which case she worries about burglars, or full, in which case she worries about pilfering by friends, which is so much harder to deal with. People who live in hotels and spend their holidays in houses are anxious over losing their claim to a comfortable chair. Business men fuss continually, as they are seldom willing to admit that their

jobs can be done just as well without them. When I was chief research chemist of a firm that worked out new colours for umbrellas I was tortured, whenever I went on leave, by the fear that the efficiency expert who did my work in my absence would invent a colour outside the visible range of the spectrum, as, not being used to making allowances for the experimental animals, he might assume that ultra-violet, for example, would be a furore with the general public.

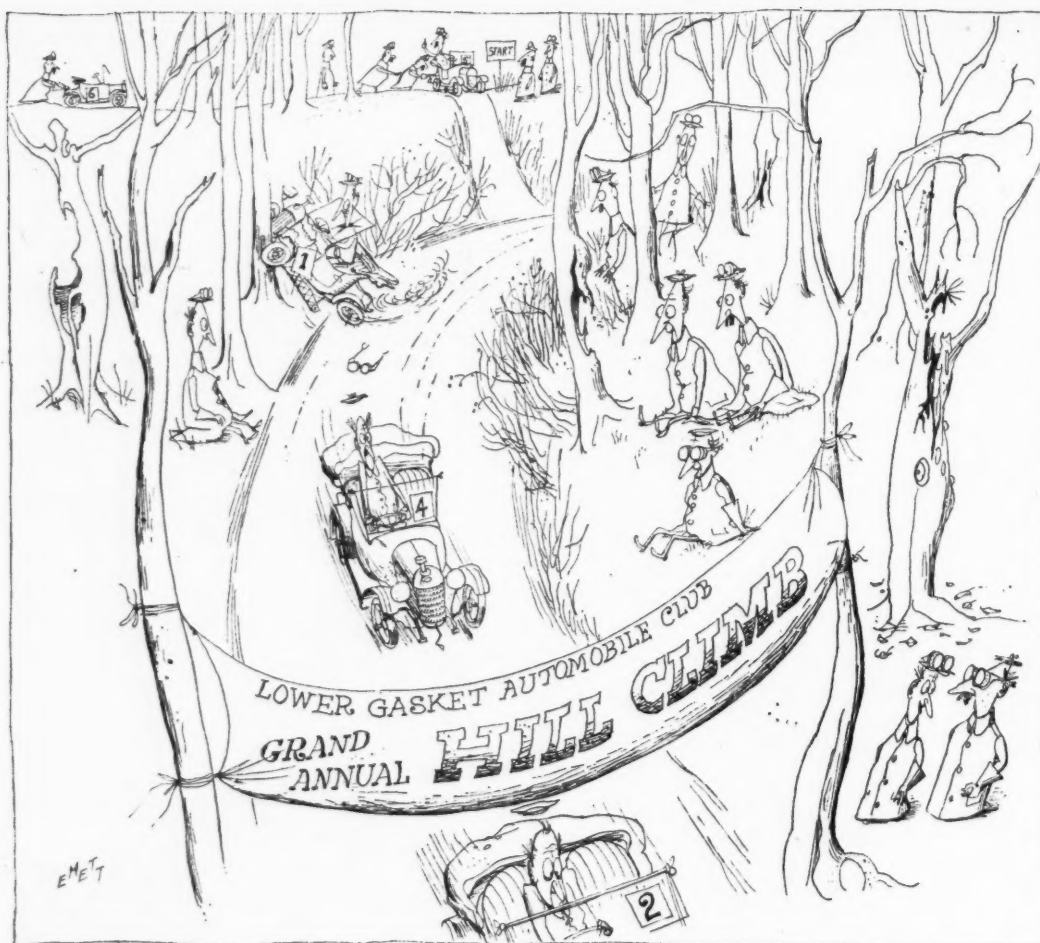
School holidays, which cause so much anxiety to parents, began to get longer when it was realized that, by keeping the fees the same and giving less education, profits could be encouraged to accrue. (Much the same was discovered when in place of the old type of programme with a tragedy, a farce and incidental variety turns, patrons were given three actors on the same set for two and a half hours less intervals.) Universities led the way, here as elsewhere, but avoided complaint by raising the holiday task to a fine art. When parents complain that they have to do their own supervision duty for more and more of the year, the schools reply that now they know how exhausting it is and that schoolmasters need the rest just as much as they do. Actually a lot of the exhaustion felt by schoolmasters at the end of term is not due to boys at all—who are, on the whole, amiably disposed and really put up with a good deal—but to the Headmaster's being unkind to them.

The best kind of holiday, like the best kind of party, is the one which occurs on the spur of the moment; when from time to time the Government warn the public in advance to go out in the streets and be merry it usually



CROSSING THE FORD

[The Second Reading of the Bill to provide better care for neglected children was moved in the House of Lords last week.]



"I said basic or NO basic, enthusiasm will ALWAYS find a way."

takes all day to get warmed up. Perhaps things would be better if the Government would join in themselves more. I am not suggesting that Mr. Bevin should climb Eros; that of course is illegal and should not be encouraged—also it is only made of aluminium—but he has the kind of face which would go well under a paper hat. At the moment, all the Government does about holidays is to stagger them. On second thoughts I find that the joke I was about to make about this has already been used in a temperance pantomime the twins were in at Christmas: they were the fore and aft respectively of a water-buffalo.

There is one type of holiday, the busman's, which is often misunderstood. The attraction in this is not doing what you yourself do every day, but watching somebody else do it. As a scientist, for example, I find relaxation and refreshment in signing on at some evening institute where I am unknown, and heckling. I remember once getting into a class that was beginning chemistry. The lecturer announced that he was going to make some hydrogen to start us off on a fairly easy chemical, and took some zinc, intending, he said, to pour sulphuric acid on it. At this point I rose and asked whether he knew that sulphuric acid was also known as vitriol, and if he did know, why

didn't he tell us, as we might easily go through life thinking there were two separate chemicals instead of one, whereas the aim of education was to make the world seem less and not more complicated. Attempts were made to freeze me into silence, but the discipline in evening classes is a mere broken reed compared with that in schools, and soon I was on my feet again raising the question of whether the sulphuric acid were really pure. I pointed out in no uncertain terms that impurities often got into things, and told a perfectly hair-raising story about a man who had worked with trinitrotoluene for three years when a friend pointed out that one part in ten thousand of the sample he was using was, in fact, dried egg. With a pained smile the lecturer said that his sulphuric acid was quite pure enough for the purpose, but by then the seed of doubt had been sown, and an unexpected ally pointed out that other gases as well as hydrogen might be produced, which would make the course not Elementary but Advanced. I then produced a toy balloon from under my coat and, using the hydrogen from it, rapidly did several experiments before the lecturer had got hold of any hydrogen at all. That evening did me more good than a month beside any ordinary sea.

Poachers

NOW North wind be bitter, whistling and a-whewing,
And the cold of Winter nips the earth and sky,
Appetites grows mighty, rabbit's gud for stewing,
So us goes a-poaching, me old dog and I.

When old Squire were Master, rabbits was for beaters,
Now there's nort for giving, only sell and buy,
None to care that chaps like we be 'earty eaters,
So us goes a-poaching, me old dog and I.

Up along the village, none awake to mind us,
Slinking very gentle where the shaders lie,
With an eye afore us, round us and be'ind us,
Out us goes a-poaching, me old dog and I.

Snares be easy finding if so-be yew set 'em,
Rabbits be for pockets, warm at breast and thigh,
Fine new Keeper, 'ee don't know the ways we get 'em,
So us goes a-poaching, me old dog and I.

Shaders in the shaders back us comes a-creeping,
'Ome to bed and dreaming of gud rabbit-pie,
'Im and me together, well us earns our sleeping
When us goes a-poaching, me old dog and I.

o o

On Not Writing About Stationmasters

IT was in my mind to speak about stationmasters, but I find that I have spoken—more accurately, written—about them before. The surgeon who has successfully removed an appendix is not thereafter precluded from removing another; on the contrary he may well be encouraged by his public to go on doing the same thing over and over again, at a constantly increasing fee. The writer, who has spent a lifetime learning to write adequately and with tenderness about stationmasters, is less lucky. He must eschew them. For one brief moment, for the space of perhaps a little less, perhaps a little more, than a thousand words, he holds them captive like a fluttering bird in the hollow of his hand. And then—the fingers must be spread wide, the fledgling flies away. Never again will he experience the warm, protective feeling, the sense of affectionate mastery that comes to every author embarked upon the subject nearest to his heart.

Like all generalizations, except the one I am verging on at this moment, the above calls for qualification. There are specialists in the world of letters, the fortunate ones, the knowledgeable, who are privileged to write upon the same subject, often in the same words, week after week and book after book. Take up any volume called *Money* and you will find, in the list of books by the same author, *The Meaning of Money*, *Some Monetary Problems*, *Money in the Modern State* and *Finance for Everyman*. The last-named has an escapist air, but is about money. Or again, in the *Railway Magazine* (to come nearer to the subject about which I am not writing), there used to be, and perhaps still is, a series called "Passenger Locomotive Practice and Performance," that approached more closely to the ideal of absolute unity of plot than anything I have come across since boyhood. The writer made it his

business to travel on the footplate of express engines, stopwatch in hand, noting down speeds and times and number of minutes late or early (for this was long before the war). It is true that he did not always make the same journey—his one concession to human weakness. Sometimes he pulled out of King's Cross dead on time for Newcastle. Sometimes he left Glasgow half a minute late, with the dreaded Shap gradient barely 156½ miles ahead. But almost every week he passed through Thirsk at 55½ m.p.h. And once—what a day that was for all of us—he touched ninety-one. They were trying to make up a minute and a half lost on a P.W.R. check outside Claypole, if I remember rightly.

P.W.R., old fans will recall, stands for Permanent Way Repairs.

But specialist writers must confine themselves to specialized publications, or at best to single columns on the back page headed "This Week in my Garden," and set in print so small that it can only be read under glass. Men who habitually appear in small print, such as "City Editor" and "Our Poultry Correspondent," tell me that the frustrating effect of seeing a carefully-chosen epithet in 6 pt. ("devolutionary," say, or "rat-proof") may be cumulatively dangerous. A few of them make a clean break before it is too late and take up sign-writing, but many more go steadily downhill and end up by drafting advertisements for county boroughs beginning "Applications are invited for the post of whole-time Assistant Librarian," or in extreme cases may take to composing the "recipes for a number of appetising dishes" on the labels of sauce bottles.

Having little wish to see stationmasters in 6 pt., still less to find myself, in my late sixties, responsible for the Bye-laws in official British Railway time-tables, I have had to resist the temptation to offer this paper a weekly column on the most fascinating of all subjects. But the frustration of not writing about stationmasters, week after week, has to be experienced to be believed.

Would I feel better, I wonder, if I were to see them, just once, in 12 pt. bold?

Stationmasters

No. I feel terrible.

H E R

o o

Bridge Bombast

WE're Lords of the table, the Barons of baize,
"One Club" is our cry to the end of our days,
With hope in our hearts we invite you to learn
With Norman or Acol or Barton or Sterne.

It's a warning of weakness or showing of strength
Or sometimes means nothing but limitless length;
You'll never regret having once made a start on
The Norman, the Acol, the Sterne or the Barton.

The Embankment is waiting for folks who forget
To take out the Trumps—and the contract is set,
But hear our advice and you won't be a poor man
With Acol or Sterne or Barton or Norman.

So cut out the Culbertson, Blackwood is barred,
Part with Pre-emptives and Force not so hard,
The fellows to thank for the tricks that you'll take'll
Be Norman and Sterne and Barton and Acol.

At the Pictures

Vice Versa—The Swordsman—Personal Column

ONE is ready to fear the worst, as blow after blow at the beginning of *Vice Versa* (Director: PETER USTINOV) hammers in the warning that this is going to be a deliberately funny,

everybody. Occasionally one feels that here is a sort of Western Brothers sketch on an enormous scale, and the fact that it draws yells of laughter from the very easily amused makes it all the less appealing to the rest of us. The main point of the story, of course, is the simple one of a pompous papa's being put in his son's place, and *vice versa*; but the main point of the film, it appears, is to guy Victorian conventions—or rather (even less subtle) to guy everything it has for about thirty years been conventional to guy as Victorian conventions. Some of the additions to the original—notably the sledgehammer slapstick of the duel, and the fla-fla about the amorous chorus-girl—are not worth the time they take up.

Most of the credit for the good bits goes to ANTHONY NEWLEY, a boy who can really act. He is impressively good: a fifteen-year-old player capable of presenting credibly and amusingly the qualities of a pompous man in the body of a schoolboy, as well as the cheerful schoolboy himself, is a real find.

The fact that it was the only new film in London the other week brought *The Swordsman* (Director: JOSEPH H. LEWIS) an astonishing amount of critical notice; on merit alone it deserves to be ignored, but such roaring nonsense is very tempt-

ing to write about. I noticed that two evening paper critics on the same day had headed their articles "Hollywood's Highland Fling," and I can hardly hope that nobody else, by the time this appears in print, will have thought of making some reference to California, stern and wild; for this is Hollywood's idea of the Highlands of Scotland "as

the seventeenth century neared its close," when it seems "no feud was so bitter" as that between the *MacArdens* and the *Glowans*. Here we have, in Technicolor, the eager American faces, the lush American scenery, the rearing American horses usually to be found in a Western, the slight nod to Scotland consisting of little more than tartan fancy dress and an occasional rolled R. If your Scottish sympathies are not committed, and you go to the pictures just to kill time or enjoy yourself jeering at absurdities, perhaps this one will amuse you; I have to admit that I came out after half an hour, bored stiff.

It is another sign, probably, of the famine in new films that *Personal Column* (Director: DOUGLAS SIRK) has had such kindly critical attention. In an only slightly more crowded fortnight I shouldn't be writing about it myself; for it has the distinctive atmosphere—distinctive for me, though I doubt my ability to explain it to readers who don't see many films—of what may be called a B picture made on an A scale. It is a murder-story set in the Hollywood London, and much of it is second-rate, no matter how sumptuously dressed up; I confess that I found bits of it wearisome. But I think LUCILLE BALL is always a pleasure to watch. She indicates very soon here that she isn't taking any of this seriously, and you may be encouraged to follow her example. Among the candidates for your suspicion are GEORGE SANDERS, BORIS KARLOFF, and SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE: you will agree that, on previous form, any one of them might turn out to be the murderer. R. M.

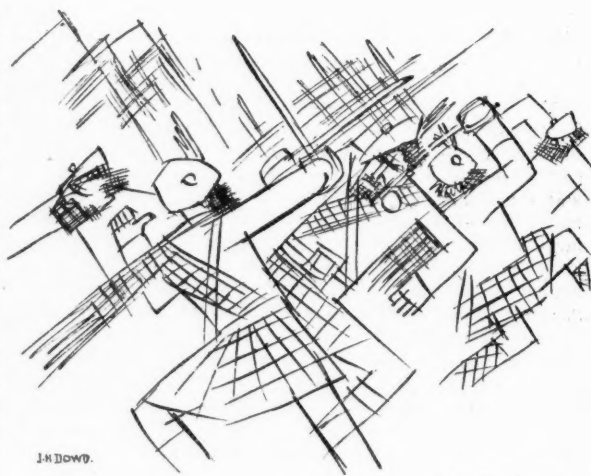


[*Vice Versa*]

PLAYING BALL

Dr. Grimstone . . . JAMES ROBERTSON JUSTICE

a smashingly funny, a *really* funny film; it *will* be funny, even if it kills everybody concerned. This grim determination to squeeze the last ounce of fun out of everything—or rather, to hit every effect with tremendous force and never mind the splashes—might indeed have had dreadful results. Whether or not you think the results in this instance are dreadful depends on certain things about yourself—your age, your feeling about the original "F. Anstey" story, your ability to recognize the merit of fragments while disapproving of the whole, and so on. Anybody with affection, or indeed any great respect, for the novel would certainly do well to avoid the film; and the constant facetious exaggeration must sometimes become a bit too much for almost



[*The Swordsman*]

TARTANIC

At the Ballet

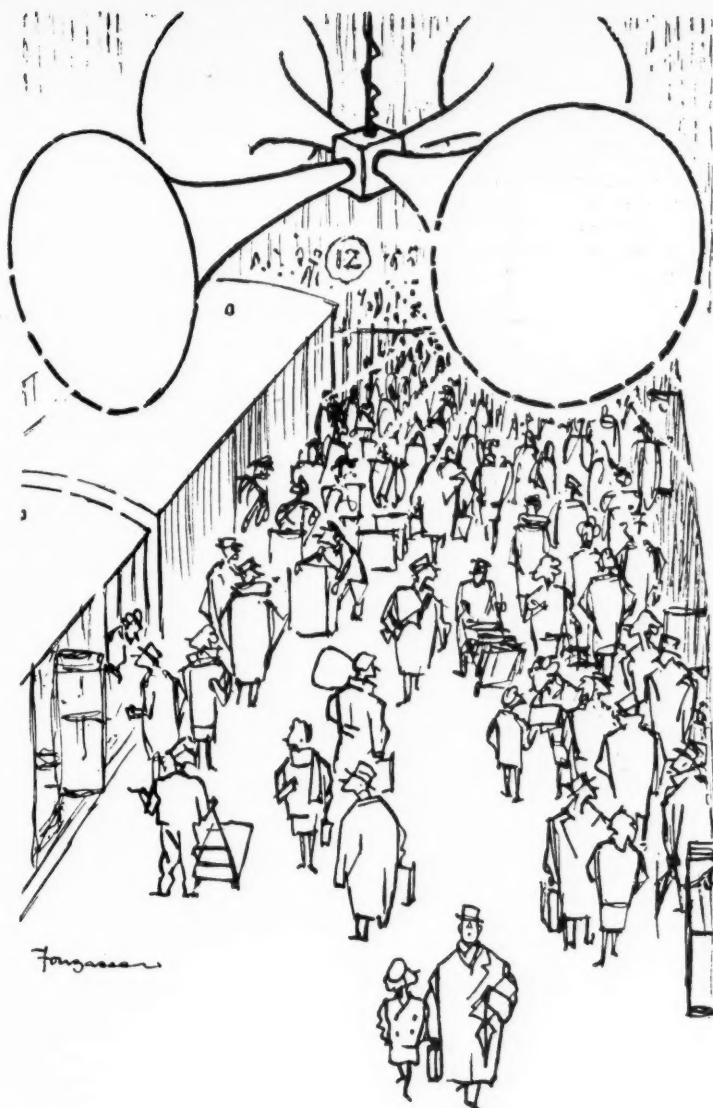
Scènes de Ballet—Mam'zelle Angot
(COVENT GARDEN)

WHEN the curtain rose the other night for the new *Scènes de Ballet* for which STRAVINSKY wrote the music in 1944, one could not help smiling. The designer, ANDRÉ BEAUREPAIRE, had hit the nail on the head with sureness and wit that were good to see. Here made visible was all the arid cleverness of STRAVINSKY. Against a black background was reared a triple archway of white, which had foliated into cascading geometrical figures like splintered glass. At the sides were more arches, this time in blue, leading appropriately nowhere. The corps de ballet, in fluffy dresses of icy blue, black and white, had a kind of chilly elegance and MARGOT FONTEYN was stylish and sophisticated in sulphur-yellow set off with diamonds and black velvet. It looked as though the stage were set for a satirical essay in Stravinskyism by FREDERICK ASHTON—and no choreographer, one felt, could do it more brilliantly or wittily than he.

But it was not to be. Mr. ASHTON had no heart for the job. STRAVINSKY called forth no response from him—not even dislike. All that we saw was a succession of uninspired groupings, banal ensembles and niggling solos for the lovely MARGOT, culminating in a silly apotheosis when the white archway at the back, framing the ballerina and her partner MICHAEL SOMES, raised itself two or three feet in the air. This ballet, like the music that failed to inspire it, hails from a world whose soul is dead. It is a posturing, grimacing Nothing, a skeleton dangling from a gibbet of chromium plate, stirred by a sere wind blowing from the Waste Land.

Take it down and bury it.

Mam'zelle Angot, however, gay, heartless and utterly enchanting, is still dancing her way into the hearts of her audiences, and once there she will stay for ever. What a lovely ballet this is! There surely never have been, at Covent Garden or anywhere else, settings, costumes and drop-curtains more beautiful than these, designed by ANDRÉ DERAIN. They have that about them which brings to life what they express, and only great art can attain to this. The choreography is MASSINE at his best, which is to say that shining threads of wit, humour, pathos, high spirits and pure poetry are woven into a web of delight. The music is by LECOCQ, and the story is of *Mam'zelle Angot's* betrothal to the



"How did one find one's train before loudspeakers were invented?
One just asked a porter, my dear—very much as one does now."

Barber (who has a hint of *Petrouchka* about him). After much ado, all comes joyously right at the Carnival—the most ravishing carnival that ever was; but if you have ever seen anything lovelier than red-haired MOIRA SHEARER, her camellia complexion set off by a peach-coloured Napoleonic dress, dancing in the house of the *Aristocrat*—well, we don't believe it. JULIA FARRON is charming as *Mam'zelle Angot*, and the rôle suits her to perfection. ALEXANDER GRANT dances MASSINE's own rôle of the *Barber*, and does it brilliantly.

D. C. B.

The White Owl

A WHITE owl floated down a breeze,
As daylight died away,
Along the edges of warm trees
In which it slept by day.

Beautiful in the fading light
Between the blue and green
It danced on air, as, cloaked in white,
Might dance a fairy queen.

It gleamed along a Kentish down
Till hid by dusk from view.
A child, escaped from some great town,
Cried out, "Oh! Is it true?"

ANON.



"No, no, the Loan comes AFTER Cash-and-Carry and Lend-Lease but before Marshall Aid."

Recollections

THE habit of remembering past sections of life is strongly ingrained in the human race. To this habit we owe photograph albums, old diaries, old dance programmes, old theatre programmes and to a certain extent the keepable halves of cinema tickets. (I say to a certain extent because those of my readers whose job it is to turn out pockets before sending clothes to the cleaners must have noticed that many half-tickets are kept simply to make sure that the pockets get turned out.) Humanity's gift of recollection has led also to a quantity of reminiscent books and any amount of the sort of talk in which outsiders can only take part by having the funny bits thrown at them.

I expect my readers have all got their own first recollection of life well organized, and have all noticed that it occurs at an earlier age than other people's. Statisticians say that keen childhood-recollectors like to have something to offer before the age of two, and they are impressed by the honest way people tell each other that they are not sure now whether they are actually remembering their first recollection or just remembering that once they remembered it. It is also a well-known fact that people born abroad have an unfair advantage in being able to offer something picturesque and definite. Whether or not my readers remember the house they started life in depends on how long they stayed there; but there will almost certainly be one house of which they have a distorted but

clear memory, and if it had a garden they will have a very firm idea of what flowers grew there and will often have wondered why they have never met the odder kinds since; or they may sometimes meet a remembered flower and find that its owners call it something else. Horticulturists say that as long as people call flowers things like scrambled egg and roving sailor this is bound to happen. Whatever people call their early flowers, it is a fact that no one who had to look after a piece of garden in childhood can feel quite ordinary in later life about the flowers that grew in it, and that a former primrose-minder takes quite a proprietary interest in the spring. The only other aspect of childhood recollections I want to bring into this paragraph is the extraordinarily lasting effect of Christmas stockings on grown-up parcel-hunters in dark dining-rooms.

SCHOOL DAYS, according to psychologists, have been called the happiest days of our lives nearly long enough to cause a swing-round in public opinion to the belief that they really are; but at the moment the trend is still the other way, and not many of my readers would like to find themselves back in those tough clothes, eating blancmange and having bells rung at them all day. However, most readers probably have some nice cheery memories of this phase of their lives, particularly if they got currant buns at break or were noted round-singers. Statisticians point out, however, that everyone remembers the end of every summer term as wet, and wonder if this is why a rainy last week in July reminds people of the end of a summer term. The bell-ringing I mentioned just now is a very powerful part of that school atmosphere which we could all recapture instantly if we could only hear one such bell again; though we should have to add some locker-banging and three pianos playing respectively scales, arpeggios and an easy Beethoven sonata to get the full effect.

Memory is, as I have implied, closely connected with sound—we have only to hear the rattle of a milkman's trolley to remember that we have not put the empties out—and it is not surprising that dance-tunes should bring back so potently those months of our lives during which they prevailed. I think, though, that my readers will agree that present-day dance-tunes do not have nearly the same effect, partly because the tunes are not so good and partly because the older people get the less they tend to consider wireless dance-music as an item rather than an interval. (Readers who want to know whether present-day dance-music is really less good, or only seems so, are going rather deep into philosophy and cannot be answered in a bracket.) Certain dance-tunes, as I was saying, bring back certain times like almost nothing else; and what is still cleverer of them is that we do not even have to hear them to remember them perfectly. To put an old dance-tune on the gramophone is of course to evoke a positive clamour from everyone in the room, some saying one year and some another, with much supporting evidence. The main interest in hearing what other people were doing fifteen years ago, before we knew them, is the revelation that they actually existed. This is always a bit of a surprise even to the most conscientiously imaginative of us.

Old clothes are, I think my readers will agree, a disappointment as lead-ins to memories of other years. People who come across a heap of the things they wore a very long time ago may have a lot of fun putting them on, but the main effect will of course be how silly they must have looked in them, while some of their old garments may be a complete surprise and only assumed to be theirs by deduction. However, there is no doubt that most people can get quite sentimental by holding up some bygone piece of clothing and telling themselves that this is what



"I wonder if I can have Saturday off—it's my grandmother's funeral."

they wore on the occasion they are thinking of. By contrast, a cake of soap of a kind we haven't washed with for years is reminiscent enough to stop people washing while they stand and sniff. The more spiritual philosophers think it very letting-down that the most poetic thought-process known to humanity—the sudden recapturing of a whole wodge of past atmosphere—should best be represented by someone standing holding a cake of soap, but there it is. As for the atmosphere recalled by a striking clock, this is interesting because it is more powerful in the present than in retrospect. To be struck at by a familiar clock is to see our surroundings, indeed, the whole colour of life at the moment, as clearly as if we had moved on to another piece of it; especially if the clock strikes the quarters. Psychologists note, by the way, that nowadays people tend not to have striking-clocks, or not to let them strike, and they say that these people are missing a lot.

AT the beginning of this article I mentioned books of reminiscences. I don't suppose that any of my readers have written theirs—this will bring them out in their full importance if they have—but I quite expect a great many of them to have given the subject serious thought, I mean decided that if they did start to write such a book it would probably not come to anything. I expect too that most of them have done a bit of shy thinking about getting included in other people's reminiscences—not with any sure idea how, just a muzzy, highly-coloured notion of meeting some famous person who goes in for that sort of thing. On the other hand I don't suppose my readers really believe that they ever get into other people's diaries, even as initials to be had lunch with.

A final word on photograph albums and programmes. So much has already been said about photograph albums that all I need add is a reminder of the pleasures of printing in white ink on grey paper; this is when people print their best, and so much better than in the sort of message on the back of an envelope which turns out to be long enough

to have been written in writing. Old theatre programmes do little more than pile up and get suddenly disposed of, but old dance programmes are noteworthy for being the things we are supposed to keep rather than the things we do keep—I mean, for every person keeping one you get three people who are always coming across something like some handbill about some bazaar they never went to—but anyone who does keep a dance programme is paying a fine if conscious tribute to the traditional place of sentiment in life.

Clarified

NO, dear, you've not got it quite right. Her aunt was really her sister, because she married the husband's uncle who was a year younger than his nephew, and his mother was his elder sister, which is why the title went to the younger boy; it would have gone to the other of course, if his mother had been a man and died, but it was her husband who died, and she married the stepfather when he was a little boy, which brought in the Leicestershire branch with the added surname, because the old man married his grandmother and had no children, but she had a daughter by a former marriage, and was connected with an earlier creation devolving in the female line, and one of those sisters married her brother; one of their sons married the daughter, and their son was of an age with the daughter of the old man's brother who succeeded him and married after he came into the title, and it was he who married the mother as a second husband, and in that way became the stepfather.

His father had a brother, and both sons assumed their mother's surname in addition to their own, and later dropped the first, which of course reverses them; people don't always understand that, but you see it is quite simple as I explain it.

Epitaph for an Occasional Domestic Assistant

SHE had her little ways, but who has not?
For one choice virtue be all faults forgot—
For this let memory venerate her name;
If she had promised she would come, she came.

W. K. H.





"You put it up outside your house, sir—it causes endless amusement."

The Clock Goes Back.

Masai Reserve, Kenya

LONG years ago I said to myself "My jungle days are done; That is a tale that is finished and told and a new tale is begun; Go, store the rifles and sell the tents and forage for other fun."

Yet here I am in the bush once more, rifles and tents and all, Settling back to the old routine—dawn and the early call, The morning hunt and the midday rest and the walk at evenfall.

And every minute of every hour old friends come back to me As the bush remakes its magic and the wild its witchery— Everything I remembered and all as it used to be.

The leopard that crouched a second a-snarl, then vanished like sulphur smoke, The throb at the heart at dead of night when the master lion spoke, The snort and the crash and the thunder of hooves when the hidden buffalo broke;

The springing grace of the antelopes, the deer with their gentle eyes, The hundred songs of a hundred birds, small creatures and their cries, These and the fortune of the chase and at last perhaps its prize;

All mine again—and the solitude and the silent sunlit peace, Comfort at heart and slow content, refreshment and release, While day upon hourless day declares "These mercies shall not cease."

Ten short days, then back to earth at the end of the stolen span; But they're *buckshee* days; I've cheated Time, that pitiless tallyman. They say that you can't put back the clock. They lie in their teeth. You can. H. B.



THE CHOICE

"One of those has got to come down, and come down soon."

MONDAY, February 9th.

—There was not much bedside manner about the debate on the attitude of the medical profession (as represented by the British Medical Association) towards the National Health Service, with which the House of Commons was occupied to-day. It was, in fact, a tumbril-side or even a guillotine-side manner that most speakers adopted. And the debate suffered somewhat in dignity, if not in liveliness, as a consequence.

Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, the Minister of Health, opened the discussion by moving a motion approving the setting up of the new service and expressing the view (by and large) that it was a good one, just and fair to all, and greatly to be commended.

It did not seem to strike many that this procedure was a novel one, since the Service is to be set up under an Act of Parliament, and should not, therefore, call for Parliament's confirmation of its own act.

But the doctors were, as the debate went on, engaged in taking a plebiscite on the question whether they should, or should not, take part in the running of the Service. The Conservatives were swift to note that the timing of the Government motion might be intended to influence the vote, and Mr. RICHARD LAW moved an amendment expressing the view that no such influence should be exercised.

Mr. BEVAN, however, having kept silent on the topic—in public at any rate—from the beginning of the controversy, clearly could contain himself no longer. The fact that (according to the doctors' spokesmen, at least) he had been less reticent in private talks, seemed to make little difference to the head of steam he sought to blow off in the debate.

It was a remarkable Parliamentary performance. The Minister is always a fiery orator, and on subjects on which he feels deeply (they are not few) he has torrential brilliance of expression. He accused the British Medical Association of "misrepresenting" the issues, and of under-informing the doctors of the facts on which they had to vote.

"I make a distinction," he said handsomely, "between the hard-working doctors who have little or no time for these matters, and the small body of raucous-voiced people who are alleged to represent the profession as a whole."

The Minister added that the doctors were voting, most of them, under a

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done:

Monday, February 9th.—House of Commons: Mr. Bevan Sees It Through.

Tuesday, February 10th.—House of Lords: Children Bill.
House of Commons: Gas!

Wednesday, February 11th.—House of Commons: Gas Again.

Thursday, February 12th.—House of Commons: Wage-pegging.

complete misapprehension of what the Health Service was. And those running the vote were "organizing sabotage of an Act of Parliament."

Finding that this drew a loud (but not raucous) cheer, Mr. BEVAN went on to say that "if there was one thing that we must assert it was the sovereignty of Parliament." With a fleeting touch of the bedside manner, he conceded the right of a section of the community to try to persuade



As if

Impressions of Parliamentarians

34. Mr. Gaitskell
Minister of Fuel and Power

Parliament to change its mind. But (as one who says: "You must give up smoking and drinking!") he pronounced that Parliament would never submit to dictation from any section of the people.

Mr. R. A. BUTLER, the chief Conservative spokesman, listened patiently as Mr. BEVAN described the opposition to the Health Service as the work of a small body of politically poisoned people and a squalid political conspiracy. All these comments were aimed at the B.M.A., and not at the Opposition, and Mr. BUTLER and others made it plain that they were not defending the B.M.A., but only the democratic right of the doctors to vote on an issue that may so vitally affect the lives and happiness of all.

Because of the high temperature induced in the body-politic by the

Minister *v.* B.M.A. dispute, said Mr. BUTLER, the Health Service was in grave danger. Having issued this bulletin, Mr. B. added that the blame lay at the door of the Minister of Health.

The House spent the rest of the evening arguing whether Mr. BEVAN had caused the illness of the scheme or whether the un-co-operative attitude of the doctors had been to blame. Some said one, some the other. The point of view seemed to be dictated largely by geographical situation, for it was noted that, whereas nearly all sitting *opposite* the Minister opposed him, nearly all sitting *behind* him supported him.

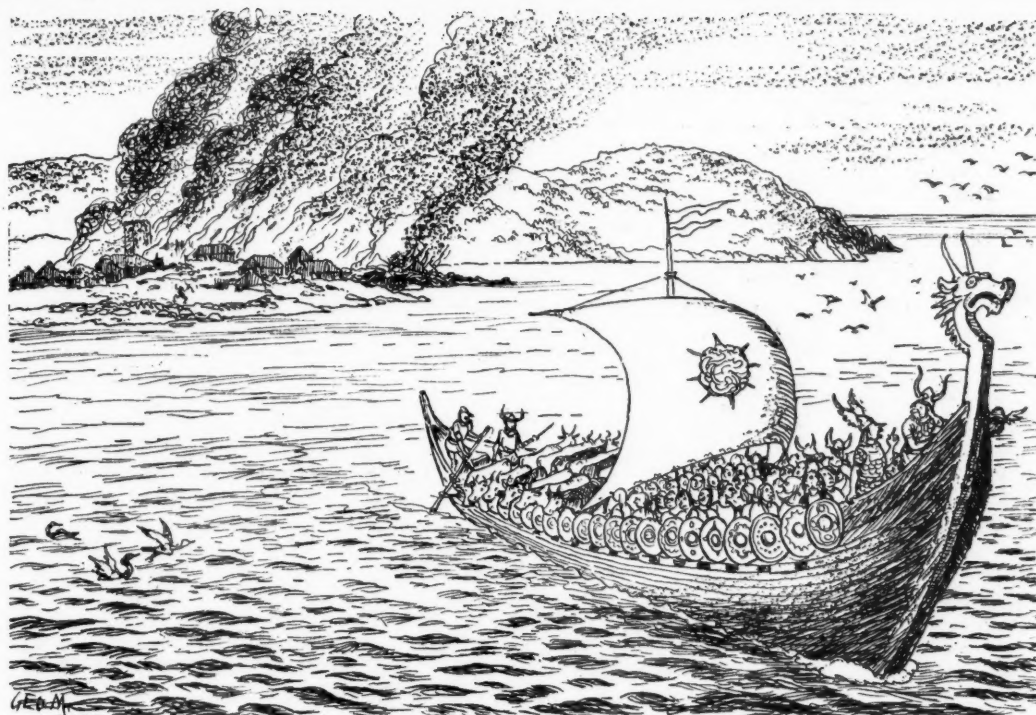
There was a regrettable amount of the "Yah!—You're another!" form of argument, but it all came to an end at last; and the vote on Mr. LAW's amendment to the motion moved by Mr. BEVAN resulted in a Government win by 337 votes to 178. Then the Government's motion was passed without a division.

Carefully packing up his instruments, Dr. BEVAN walked beamingly out, to the admiring cheers of the Governmental "students" who crowded the Chamber. We shall have to wait until July 5th to know whether the operation was successful.

TUESDAY, February 10th.—Mr.

HUGH GAITSKELL (with Mrs. Gaitskell looking on approvingly from Mr. Speaker's gallery, as a neighbour of the most regular and attentive attendant in the House, Mrs. Speaker) presented the Bill to nationalize the gas industry. He did it with that nicely-adjusted mixture of pleasantness, firmness, reasonableness, clarity and political dogmatism that make him one of the most popular of Ministers. His case was the familiar one: the gas industry must be put under national ownership because it will be more efficient that way. (Someone murmured something about the losses of the nationalized airways.) And because it was right that the people should have full control of so vital an industry. ("Shall we have power to ask questions in the House about it?" inquired a Labour Member. "If the Minister's responsible," replied Mr. GAITSKELL, in passing.) And, last but not least, the industry ought to be nationalized because that was Labour Party policy, which had received the Mandate of the People.

Then Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN strode on. His supporters looked a little



"We've made a record turn-round this trip, Sigurd."

apprehensive, as he is apt to put in a great many "lines" not in the original script, but they were obviously pleased to have so ready an artist on their side.

He did not disappoint his fans. Come to that, he did not seem to disappoint his critics either, for they were all, at different times, yelling approval . . . or something. Mr. BRACKEN ranged over the coal industry, the air services, an inquiry whether there had been "any good resignations lately" from the nationalized industries. He whizzed through a review of the Bill, a few comments on the Government in general, a funny story or two, a piece about the iniquity of nationalization in general, and of the gas industry in particular. And, calm and collected, when all around him were gasping and breathless at the sheer speed of the thing, he sat down, having set fire to the gasometer.

The rest of the day passed in efforts to fan the flames (by the Conservatives) and efforts to put them out (by the Government's supporters).

Their Lordships paid homage to the memory of Lord Derby—that many-sided and well-loved member of the House—whose death took place last

week. Afterwards they gave a warm welcome to the Second Reading of the Children Bill, moved by the Lord Chancellor.

WEDNESDAY, February 11th.—It seems that the Silent Service and the Secret Service are now more or less synonymous. Several Conservative Members tried for a long time to-day to draw from Mr. JOHN DUGDALE, of the Admiralty, some details of the Royal Navy's strength. But they tried in vain, and nobody knows how great (or how small) is the Royal Navy in this year 1948.

And then the House moved on to the Gas Bill again, passing the Second Reading late at night, amid scenes of strictly moderate excitement.

The Lords paid eloquent tribute to Lord Sankey, once Lord Chancellor, who died last week.

THURSDAY, February 12th.—Mr. EDEN opened the debate on the Government wage-pegging policy with a neat series of contrasts between the sayings of Ministers. These showed that many Ministers who had promised "the earth" some months ago, now promised nothing but stormy weather,

complete with gloom and misery. Yet he, for one, refused to give up his faith in the ultimate triumph of Britain—whatever trials might be in store for us in the meantime.

Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS promised nothing but blood, toil, tears and sweat, in what Whitehall calls "increasing supply." It seemed clear from his speech that nothing else was likely to be in that happy position, and that we should have to do more on less, more cheaply than ever. But he was going to fix price ceilings for everything, and hope for the best.

Then the debate dragged on raggedly until Mr. ATTLEE wound it up with a string of answers to an astonishing number of points (good and bad) raised by a great many Members. He joined with Mr. EDEN in declaring his faith in the future of Britain—and got the cheer of the evening from all sides of the House. He added that the Conservative Party had no policy and that the Government was doing as well as any Government could in the difficult task of saving the country.

Then the motion, a formal one that Mr. Speaker leave the Chair, was talked out by a Labour Member. Which ended the debate.



"The hero of my novel is a promising young author whose very first book makes a considerable fortune for an enterprising and far-seeing publisher."

The Cosmic Mess

SOME of this column's uncountable readers may remember that the horse-course totalisator was let off the betting tax because that sort of horse-betting made some contribution to horse-breeding and horse-breeding assisted exports. "In the first nine months of the year," said the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, "the horse-breeding industry had assisted the export trade to the tune of no less than £3 million in dollars" (Finance Bill, November 25th, 1947).

This column heard this figure with interest (for it had been trying to find out what was the volume of horse-export from a man in the Board of Trade who said he didn't know), and with surprise, for it seemed a big sum to get from international horse-coping. But the Treasury is very often right, and this column was reverently silent.

But now a man who knows more about horses has written to say this figure must be false and foolish. He

says it ought, perhaps, to be £30,000, and the Treasury misread it. This is not a nice thing to say about the Treasury, of all places: but that is what he says, and he supports it with evidence:

"Mr. Woodward in his Gimcrack speech on December 9th, said that in the past three years only seventy horses had been imported to U.S.A. from England.

To realize how fantastically wrong the £3 m. figure is, it need only be mentioned that at the 1947 Doncaster Yearling sales the aggregate paid for 326 lots was 597,725 guineas . . ."

(This column has painfully worked that out, and it seems to come to about £1,830 a lot or horse.)

"At the Newmarket December sales, 791 lots were sold for 745,075 guineas."

(That, this column thinks, is £940 a horse.)

"The whole of the turnover in bloodstock sales in this country last

year would not be near £3 m., probably not one in twenty of the horses sold would be sent abroad and not one in a hundred to dollar countries."

If this chap is right, the average price of one lot of bloodstock was £1,380: and so, if the Treasury is right (and this column's arithmetic is right too), we must have exported two thousand one hundred and seventy-three horses. Or perhaps they were a few very, very expensive "lots". Suppose we rely on "the Gimcrack speech" and put the number of exported lots at thirty last year. Each horse must, then, have fetched £100,000, which is pretty good.

Well, we must ask the Treasury about it. Another worry.

* * * * *

At the last General Election, as a Mr. Haddock was pointing out in the papers the other day, it required only 30,000 votes to send a Socialist to the

House of Commons, 45,000 to elect a Conservative, and 186,000 to get one of the Liberals in. So the Socialist electors had six effective votes per man to every Liberal voter. At the next General Election this is quite likely to happen again: for, though the new Representation of the People Bill makes the constituencies more nearly the same size, it does nothing to prevent Members being elected by a minority of the votes polled, and in theory you might have six hundred such elections, instead of sixty odd. Yet some citizens fondly believe that by abolishing the last remnants of "plural voting" they will finally and gloriously establish the rule of "One Man—One Vote". This column (and most columns) would be more impressed by the formula if it ran "One Man—One Effective Vote." That is the motto behind the Single Transferable Vote: and it seems a queer departure from principle to abolish the University constituencies, the only ones in which that principle is practised. And "One Intelligent Man—One Effective Vote" would be even better. Which brings us again, with numerous apologies, to the Universities, whose electors are the only ones who have to pass an intelligence test before they can vote (besides having to reside, accept discipline and be of good conduct for two or three years). Plato, this column feels, might have preferred these arrangements to the hit-or-miss principle of "Any Man—One Vote, and Some Men—Six Votes", under which by avoiding death till twenty-one and staying in the same place for six months anyone can acquire a vote, even if he can't read or write; and can "get a man in" who receives less than a majority of the votes. Careful provision is made in the Bill, by the way, for the voting of those who cannot read. At this stage of Progress, and all that, this column would have thought the proper thing to do would be to disfranchise them—the younger generations at least, who cannot have much excuse. It might make them think. It might even make them read.

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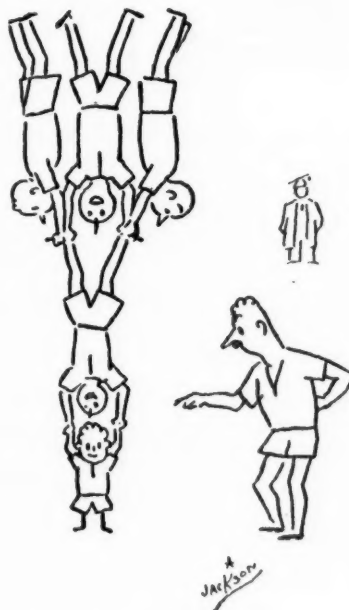
In that debate, by the way, there was a notable interjection by Mr. Kenneth Pickthorn, the Senior Burgess for Cambridge University. A Labour Member who held the floor was making some kindly but slightly patronizing remarks about the University Members of recent times. "The Universities", he said, "are beginning now to send better men to the House of Commons." Mr. Pickthorn then piped up:

"Does the Hon. Member really think

that I am an improvement on Francis Bacon and Isaac Newton?"

The man Haddock, this column sees, did not drag up a rather well-known predecessor of his, Mr. Gladstone. Oxford, this column is sad to say, was not very kind to Mr. G.—at least, not all the time. He stood first in 1847, and "held the seat for eighteen years, but with five contests and a final defeat" (in 1865). If the uncountable readers will take down Volume One of Morley's *Life of Gladstone* and turn to page 629 they will find this memorable passage (the date was 1859; Mr. G. was to be Chancellor of the Exchequer again, but trouble was cooking at Oxford):

"A question was raised whether he ought not to go down and address Convocation in person. The dean of Christ Church, however, thought it very doubtful whether he would get a hearing. 'Those', he told Mr. Gladstone, 'who remember Sir Robert Peel's election testify that there never was a more unreasonable and ferocious mob than Convocation was at that time. If you were heard, it is doubtful whether you would gain any votes at that last moment, while it is believed you would lose some. You would be questioned as to the ecclesiastical policy of the Cabinet. Either you would not be able to answer fully, or you would answer in such terms as to alienate one or other of the two numerous classes who will now give you many votes.'



"No, boys, you've got it all wrong."

Tough guys, in those days, the clergymen and teachers of England!

* * * * *

When the University representation was last discussed in the House of Commons (October 12th, 1944), an Hon. Member—indeed an Hon. and Learned Member—attacked it as a mere relic of old tradition, practically feudal. "If there were no such thing," he said, "no one would think of inventing it." The man Haddock, who followed him, was able to support the other view with a little story. A few months earlier, being in Dieppe, he was introduced by an Englishman to some Frenchmen as "Monsieur Haddock—un Député Anglais". This did not excite the Frenchmen much; but one of them politely said: "What part of England do you represent, Monsieur Haddock, in the Chamber of Commons?" The man Haddock proudly drew himself up and said "L'Université de Oxford". A startling change was seen in the Frenchman. At once he became interested and alert. His eyes sparkled. "It is true?" he said. "The Universities are represented in the Chamber of Commons? *C'est gentil!*" Not only did he say it was *gentil*, he said it was *formidable* and *très moderne*. He turned to his companions and told them about it. They all agreed that it was *formidable* and *très moderne*. And at last one said: "But, yes—that is the Reconstruction—yes?"

Well, there you are, uncountable readers.

To those Frenchmen this ancient relic, this feudal undemocratic outrage, seemed to be something most novel and enlightened, the kind of thing a great civilized nation, surveying the ravages of a Large War, would include among its minor plans for a Better World. Which, perhaps, it is.

* * * * *

It is a sad story this column hears about Hurlingham. Housing, and all that, of course: and the famous Club has already consented to give the People two polo grounds, the stables and a walk along the river front—with twenty-three and a half acres for "games pitches", children, etc. But now, it seems, the People—or rather, the L.C.C.—wants the whole lot—the old house, lawns, swimming pool, and "courts" of all sorts. A pity. This was one of the rare London places to show the "foreigner": and it was one of the special sights one pointed to from the river, when passengers were aboard, of this or any nation. Never mind—Molotov will be delighted.

A. P. H.

MR. PETER USTINOV can be relied on to be interesting. The bigger theme in his *The Indifferent Shepherd* at the Criterion gets obscured by a smaller one, but they both form part of the same idea and the change of emphasis at any rate provides a final scene which is theatrically satisfactory. His central character is a clergyman, drawn beautifully and beautifully played by Mr. FRANCIS LISTER, of the kind that takes Orders in the mistaken belief that poetic feeling and a philosophy of gentleness can make up for a call to more workmanlike salvation. Or is this belief mistaken? Here is the point. As a vicar *Henry* is a failure. His own understanding of temptation is too real to allow him to take a strong line with others; his vagueness and humility irritate. When the little maid comes and confesses that she is going to have a baby he addresses her in high-flown language that terrifies her into attempted suicide, and it is his brother-in-law, a complacent, hearty padre fresh from the Army and full of the dehydrated formulas of muscular Christianity, who saves the day with his confident pep-talk on the marvels of medicine. But in a far larger matter their powers are reversed, for when *Henry's* nagging wife, the padre's sister, is let down by her lover and her secret comes out the padre is shocked into failure while *Henry*, comforting her with a revelation of his own past, proves that compassion is a mightier weapon than wrath. The question of *Henry* as a clergyman is thus rather left in the air, for a demonstration of him as a saint. The play winds up on a dominantly domestic note, but it continues to be held together by its spiritual crisis.

In order to set off this finely imagined character Mr. USTINOV has drawn some of the others unnecessarily harshly, the cad being crudely caddish, *Melanie* less sympathetic than her lapse would suggest, and the padre insufferably self-satisfied. But not all, for *Henry* is matched in sensibility both by the young man he dissuades from entering the Church and by the girl who comes to stay. Would even

At the Play

The Indifferent Shepherd (CRITERION)—*The Government Inspector* (NEW)—*Variety* (PALLADIUM)—*Four Hours To Kill* (SAVILLE)

such a joyous hedonist, however, arrive at a strange vicarage with the bland statement that she is homeless because her lover's wife has returned? Mr. LISTER's performance is memorably good. Miss GLADYS COOPER, most welcome back, has a thankless task as *Melanie* until the last act, which she plays with all her old accomplishment. As the tiresome

for instance, has little need of exaggeration. Mr. BERNARD MILES is an excellent choice for the part, but he is made up to look as if Neanderthal Man had taken to the bottle, and on top of this he caricatures too restlessly. The gallery of corrupt burghers is almost equally grotesque. But if the production is not as amusing as it might have been, it is still rewarding. Mr. ALEC GUINNESS gives *Hlestakov* a fine irony of bravado and is very funny in the scene in which the innocent impostor, flown with vodka, enlarges on the monstrous grandeurs of the capital. Miss ROSALIND ATKINSON and Miss RENEE ASHERSON play the *Mayor's Wife* and *Daughter* in lively fashion, and of the burghers Mr. PETER COPLEY comes nearest to GOGOL with his gossip-hungry *Postmaster*.

Mr. DANNY KAYE, famous in celluloid, fills the second half of the bill at the London Palladium, and not for a moment is his performance too long. A fresh, tall young man with a lean, thoughtful face, he has a pleasing sense of humour, dry and casual, and a voice, or rather a whole set of voices, of phenomenal variation. He can sing an Irish song to you so that it touches the heart, he can torture with an imitation of a professional tenor gone in the ear, he can engage in blistering mimicry all the accents in the woolliest brand of Hollywood film. There is no doubt about

the appeal of his personality. At one moment he is an electric storm, shooting words faster than the mind can take them in, the next we are abandoned while he relaxes at his ease with his friends in the excellent SKY-ROCKETS ORCHESTRA. But even his back has magnetism.

Mr. NORMAN KRASNA's *Four Hours To Kill* at the Saville must be the dullest and thinnest gangster play ever to leave America. It kills in much quicker time than that. The screen actor, Mr. JACK LA RUE, would seem to deserve a kinder fate and so would Mr. MICHAEL BALFOUR, whose expectant father at the telephone helps to pass the time. ERIC.



(The Government Inspector)

THE GUEST'S WAYS ARE SO TOUCHING.

Anton Antonovitch Dumanovsky . . . Mr. BERNARD MILES
Ivan Alexandrovitch Hlestakov . . . Mr. ALEC GUINNESS

padre Mr. ANDREW CRUICKSHANK curls us up effectively, and in the small part of the visitor Miss ANNA TURNER makes quite sure of fatter ones in the future. The production bears the polish of Mr. NORMAN MARSHALL.

GOGOL's deliciously satiric *The Government Inspector* is never too long when read, but in Mr. JOHN BURRELL's Old Vic production at the New there is a distinct hollowness after the intruder has gone, and even in the earlier scenes something is lacking of the play's full humour. I think the fantasciation, though exquisitely planned by Mr. FELIKS TOPOLSKI and amusing in itself, tends to mask the true edge of the satire. The *Mayor*,

Last Train

THE last train from London to Munton-on-Sea goes at 10.25 P.M. and Sympson and I are on it rather more often than is good for our health. A lot of people say that the railway ought to provide an even later train, but personally I think the 10.25 is quite late enough. It stops at all the main stations on the way down and also at several stations that do not appear to exist in the daytime, such as Muckham Halt. Once, I think it was in 1932, a man with a long unkempt-looking beard actually alighted at Muckham Halt. He was carrying a cricket-bag and as he stepped out to the platform he mumbled something about the wicket being extremely wet. I have often wondered at what station he really meant to get off.

People on the last train are nothing at all like people you meet anywhere else, even if they are people you see every day of your lives shopping in Munton-on-Sea. This applies especially to the people who get to the London terminus early enough to obtain seats in the refreshment-car. It is true that if you are in an ordinary carriage fairly near to the refreshment car you have a slight chance of getting refreshments, but the mental agony involved in waiting to see if the man comes is so great that many people think that the lesser of two evils is to go to sleep straight away.

Sometimes the man flings open the door and says "Any refreshments?" but much more often he flashes by to take a double whisky to a pal of his in a distant compartment, and if you go out into the corridor to try to head him off on the way back he never appears. Why he never appears is difficult to say, because theoretically he is bound sooner or later to return to the refreshment-car, but in real life he never does, which is just another example of how different real life is from theory. Some people think he spends the rest of the journey playing poker-dice with the pal to whom he has taken the double whisky, while others suggest that in order to do you out of your drink he climbs up to the roof of the train and leaps from car to car back to the refreshment department, as comedians used to do when films were films.

Last night owing to the clock at our annual dinner being ten minutes fast Sympson and I actually managed to secure seats in the refreshment-car. The other two people at our table were a prim lady reading *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles* and a man who, much to his surprise, had made a successful after-

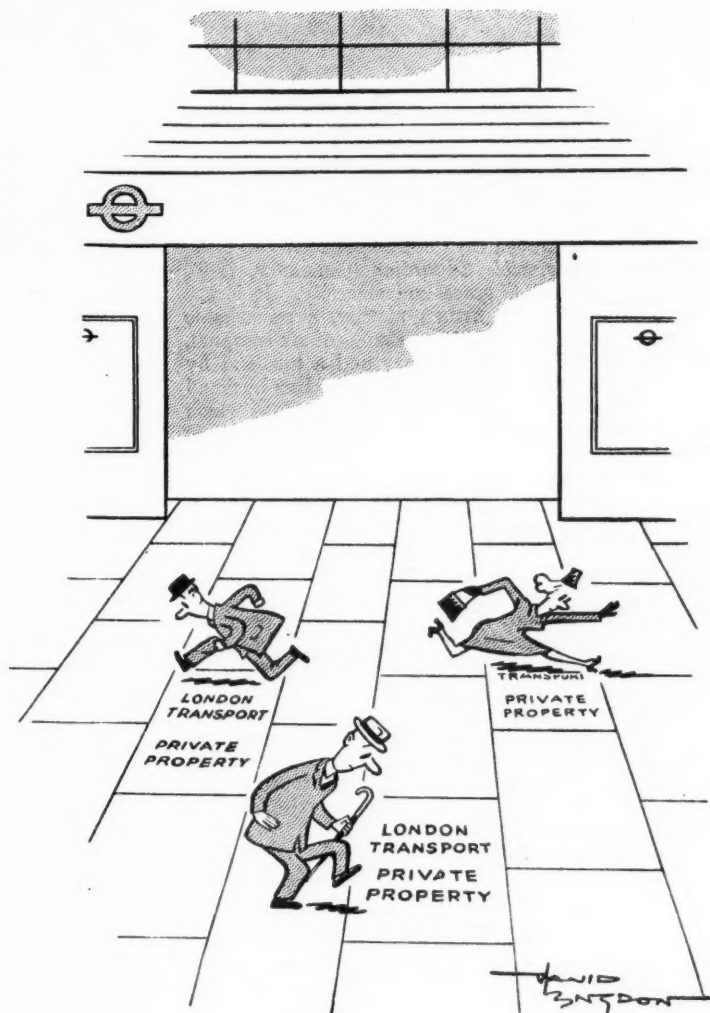
dinner speech and insisted on repeating the best bits of it to us over and over again and saying how well it had gone down. We reflected with the conscious virtue of the almost-sober that a good deal else seemed to have gone down too.

Sympson soon went off to sleep, and the speech-making man presently followed his example. The speech-making man slept with his mouth open and a cigar-stump sticking in a most unpleasant way to his underlip. Sympson's mouth was closed, but every few minutes he gave a curious sharp snort. I was glad to think that personally I never go to sleep in trains, and concentrated hard on my evening paper. I mastered the front page and the train stopped at Muckham Halt and then I mastered the back page and the train stopped at Muckham Halt again, which was quite impossible and made me think that I must have been asleep after all. I wondered whether

the first stop at Muckham Halt had been a dream and the second stop the real Muckham Halt, or vice versa, and then I started reading the sports page, but it seemed to be all about ice-hockey, a game that leaves me absolutely cold, and a minute or two later the steward shook me violently by the shoulder, and after telling him that I would have another half-hour in bed as it was Sunday I suddenly saw Munton-on-Sea in blue on a lamp and stumbled through the door to the platform.

I had a queer feeling that I had left something in the train, but my hat was on my head and my brief-case under my arm and my overcoat more or less on. Then the refreshment-car glided past me and I caught sight of a sleeping figure with a vacuous yet benevolent face. My sense of loss was explained. I had forgotten Sympson.

D. H. B.





"Not too long, or not too short, sir?"

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

An Edwardian Home

IN spite of the flamboyant title *Tempestuous Petticoat: The Story of an Invincible Edwardian* (GOLLANCZ, 12/6), is written with restraint, grace and sincerity. It is the story of Miss CLARE LEIGHTON's mother, a remarkable woman who supported a family consisting of six servants, four dogs, three children, a secretary and a husband by writing serials for Lord Northcliffe's press. Her husband was not inactive; he composed Wild West thrillers which brought in something, but it was Mrs. Leighton who made possible the somewhat extravagant style in which the family lived. Mrs. Leighton did not believe in holidays, she considered them vulgar, but she did believe in sea air, and the year was divided between the family home in St. John's Wood and a house in Lowestoft, both delightfully described by Miss LEIGHTON. Mrs. Leighton's husband, much older than herself and deaf, is presented as a quiet figure in the background, the foreground being occupied by Mrs. Leighton and her circle of admirers, the three chief ones being a prolific but not highly gifted novelist, a remarkably fat old judge, and a retired naval surgeon who always wore kilts. The first world-war disrupted Mrs. Leighton's life. Her serials were no longer in demand, her house overlooking the North Sea was, as spy mania developed, viewed with suspicion, and her favourite child was killed at the front. But she remained unsubdued, and the book ends with her charming the Catholic priest to whose care she had committed her soul.

H. K.

For Admiration

Major-General R. J. COLLINS has undertaken on behalf of his friend and former commander the same office that the subject of his military biography himself performed

for Lord Allenby. Beyond mistake he is presenting, in *Lord Wavell, 1883-1941* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 30/-), the portrait of a hero. The thrill of the first victorious turn of the tide in North Africa is still upon us, and our impression of the leader as one of the really vital figures of the war is only confirmed in the detailed recital, yet as a man—the linguist, poet, statesman, with the prodigious memory and the double-acting brain, credited with knowing most of Shakespeare by heart and with reading a French novel in order to keep awake while absorbing a *viva voce* lesson in Urdu—he has been less well known. Lord Wavell has conducted simultaneously five different campaigns, all against odds. He never forgets a name or a face, has a knack of stepping out of a 'plane into the danger spot in a fight looking the embodiment of cheerful competence, and has fractured his ribs, toes or collar-bone on ten different occasions. This narrative, though a little on the long side and not altogether avoiding dull patches, will go far to make him better appreciated at home and abroad. He has been criticized for weakening his front in Cyrenaica in order to support Greece against invasion, and the author here is at pains to state the case fairly. No less an authority than Field-Marshal Smuts in a foreword to this volume declares that not only was our honour pledged to Greece, but the resultant loss of six weeks by Germany directly entailed defeat in Russia and thereby ultimately decided the issue of the war. With that the matter may perhaps be considered settled.

C. C. P.

The Use of the Globe

One feels that the biological approach—Herr Ehrenfried Pfeiffer's, for instance—is a sounder way of treating *Land and Landscape* (MURRAY, 21/-) than what Miss BRENDA COLVIN's jacket describes as "a balanced presentation of the . . . æsthetic and scientific." But although Miss COLVIN is a planner *pur sang*, being Hon. Sec. of the Institute of Landscape Architects, she does realize that if you deal faithfully by the land you will have life and have it more abundantly—and beauty into the bargain. She faces squarely the mess that man, "the dominant animal," has made of our country; and starting with the less destructive efforts of his primeval ancestors takes the story of man-made British landscape up to the present day. This done, she divides what is left into wild, agricultural and urban, and proceeds to plan these ingredients for the best, bearing in mind that, as America has warned us, there is no longer an abundance of good productive land to feed and clothe the peoples of the world, and that our situation is signally precarious. A studied awareness of the interplay of human needs, a very pretty blend of deference to and independence of authorities, and an enterprising assemblage of facts not easily come by in any other one book, renders hers particularly valuable.

H. P. E.

Marlowe

Marlowe, who died at twenty-nine, did not write enough to reveal his character and philosophy except in outline, and of the external facts of his life only a few have been recorded. Nevertheless, Mr. CHARLES NORMAN, an American critic, has managed in *The Muses' Darling* (THE FALCON PRESS, 12/6) to expand the material at his disposal into a biography of more than two hundred and fifty pages. Two quotations will illustrate his method. In the first he wonders about the first meeting of Marlowe and Shakespeare: "Was it in Shoreditch or Southwark that he met, one day,

the youth from Stratford, Will Shakespeare, and saw for the first time the high, intellectual brow, the deep, calm eyes, the sensitive nose and the mouth shaped to wisdom, of him whom unborn generations were to know by portrait and book?" In the second he pictures the cobbler and his wife in whose house Robert Greene died. Having granted Greene's last request, for a penny pot of wine, the cobbler's wife backs nervously out of the bedroom, and tiptoes down to her husband, who, apprised that Greene is at his last gasp, "pauses in his cobbling, harks to all, and sighs, wondering, perhaps, if he will ever see again the money his strange lodger has cost him." Occasionally Mr. NORMAN offers an original suggestion, the most interesting being his suspicion that Marlowe's death was arranged by Walter Raleigh, who was alarmed lest he might be implicated in the charge of atheism brought against Marlowe. H. K.

A Monument

Love raises monuments and the passer-by wonders how far those commemorated deserved more general remembrance than do the unrecorded who lie thick as autumn leaves about them. No passer-by who reads LAURA LADY LOVAT's small volume, *Maurice Baring* (HOLLIS AND CARTER, 10/6), will wonder that this particular monument should have been raised, for, writing as the complete amateur—in both the common and the exact meaning of the word—she has made his right to remembrance by more than his close friends very plain. Poet, novelist—with more than a touch of genius—translator, traveller, linguist, soldier of whom Foch himself said "there never was a staff officer in any country, in any nation, in any century like Major Maurice Baring," lover of little children, of music, of beauty, all these—his gift for friendship, his fun—Lady LOVAT has shown her readers and something more; those who build for other men a bridge between the temporal and the eternal are rare, and he was one of them. That her reader willingly assents to the truth of this is Lady LOVAT's great achievement. Besides her tender and very moving account of his last years, she has found several of Baring's unpublished letters to include, many of them delightfully funny and lighthearted or lit with characteristic descriptions of people or places, and some verse, including three or four lovely sonnets. Monsignor Ronald Knox contributes a short but fascinating paper "On the Effect of the Classics on Maurice Baring's Mind," underlining in a different fashion the reader's conviction of the charm, brilliance and strange intuitive knowledge which were Baring's. A letter from Princess Marthe Bibesco to Lady LOVAT, who had asked her to write the preface to the French edition of Baring's first novel "Passing By," concludes a book worthy of, and curiously well-fitted to, its subject. B. E. S.

The Pitcher Goes to the Well.

One of the best palliatives of nostalgia—though, like most dopes, the drug increases the craving—is that peculiarly feminine brand of fiction which assembles the ingredients of a sojourn abroad in the guise of a novel. JEANNE GOSSE's second essay in this vein is certain to be read and cherished by those who cannot do without their own particular Paris—the pre-war Paris of English gentlefolk with French connections and not too socially disruptive artistic ones. There was a more robust peep-show of the same kind published in 1918 as *Paris Through an Attic*. This is still enjoyable; but possibly its finance, carefully worked out in long devalued francs, prevents it becoming

a popular reprint. Finance means nothing to *Paris Interlude* (BLES, 8/6). The two scions of Herefordshire county families whose whims establish them in Paris are unencumbered by practical problems of their own, though Perrette, who pleasantly relates their story, is as sympathetically alert to the ways and means of her *concierge* as to those of her antique-hunting English aunt, her purely ornamental French one, and her cousins Théo and Brigitte. Apart from Madame Jacquin and her *locataires*, it is a very small, very self-absorbed Anglo-French coterie one discovers, pressed like a *boutonnière* of the nineteen-twenties, in between these tenderly redolent pages. H. P. E.

The Two Mr. Whites

When the Archangel Michael appears in the kitchen to give warning of impending flood it is a difficult occurrence to laugh off, and Mr. White, though an outrageous agnostic, found it impossible to do so. He therefore took his landlady's Dutch barn to pieces, reassembled it upside down, and with bits of carpet, tar and the unfailing inspiration of the eccentric turned it into an ark which held miraculously to the surface of the waters rising on Kildare. There are two distinct sides to *The Elephant and the Kangaroo* (CAPE, 8/6), of which the author, by a happy chance, is also a Mr. (T. H.) WHITE: one is a savage satire on the Southern Irish and the Roman Catholic Church, the other is a gentle and delightful fantasy. These two irreconcilables are to some extent bridged by the nature of the hero, who combines with irreligion and Saxon phlegm remarkable tenderness of heart and a personal oddity to match anything in Ireland. He is constantly infuriated by his landlady, but is utterly devoted to her; and Mr. WHITE the author, whose own devotion to the Irish is but thinly disguised, allows her quietly to triumph at the close of the strange adventure which shakes Eire to its roots. This is a riotously imaginative book, in places very funny, as in such passages as that which describes Mr. White's abortive attempt to instruct Mrs. O'Callaghan in conjuring. Towards the middle, before the flood appears, the jest on the Irish character wears a little thin, but the charm of the writing saves it. How much offence is also to be found there can only be a matter for the individual to decide. Doubtless Mr. WHITE will soon know the answer. E. O. D. K.



"I hope you'll forgive the house being in such a mess."



"I can only accept orders in strict rotation, Madam, otherwise I'd get in a muddle."

Don't Part with Your Stair-Carpet.

TO hear some people talk you'd think that buying a house is the most difficult job in the world. This is nonsense. I agree that it is not very easy to *find* a house, but having found one the technical job of buying it is child's-play compared with the business of selling the house you wish to leave. At a rough estimate I should say that the number of people selling houses at any given moment is roughly equal to the number of people buying houses, and yet practically all the advice put out by well-meaning Ministries and busy-bodies is aimed at the latter group. There can only be one end to all this: the market in houses will become insufferably bullish.

It is with this danger in mind that I have decided to draw very generously upon my recent experience and place its fruits at the disposal of my readers.

To obtain maximum satisfaction from what follows, cut it out, pin it up and discuss it like mad.

The first rule for the successful disposal of private property is that you should never deal with friends. Neglect of this rule leads to ruptured friendships and bad bargains. One hour after completing a deal with a friend you are horrified to discover that the house is filthy from attic to basement. The wall-paper is horrible, the paint-work disgraceful. You write a note to the plumber and decorator, and your last weeks (months?) in your old home are ruined and ruinous. One evening you are sitting on a dust-sheet and wishing that the wireless had not been disconnected when the phone rings. The new owner says he supposes you'll be leaving the curtains and linos and how about the stair-carpet? You say that

of course you'll be leaving them, a pleasure, and let's not hear any more about payment because they're all thrown in with the agreed price. A few seconds later you are inspecting the curtains, the linos and the stair-carpet, and their condition comes as a profound shock to you. After a sleepless night you dash off to town and spend the day buying curtain-material, lino, etc., at exorbitant prices. The really exasperating moment occurs when you *do* finally take the old curtains with you to the new house—together with useless bits of lino and left-over scraps of wall-paper.

Having decided not to deal with friends you must consider the various methods of advertising your house. Your aim should be to attract the lowest possible number of applicants that will produce a satisfactory offer. A window-notice, "This House for Sale—Apply Within," has been known to do the trick admirably. But there are several snags. When the notice has been on exhibition for a few days you become aware of a sudden deterioration in your relations with roundsmen and tradesmen. You are no longer a valued customer to be sweetened with an occasional titbit: for all your pleasantness (and cups of tea) you now have no more "pull" than an emergency ration-card. This can be decidedly awkward unless you intend to move out immediately.

Again, the window-notice ad. is extremely costly in terms of man-hours, for if it is to be wholly effective a trusted member of the household must be posted permanently behind the curtains of an upstairs window covering the approaches to the property. It is this person's duty to give advance warning of approaching customers so that Plan Mk. V ("Disposition of Household for the reception of Viewers") can be put into execution.

But, as I say, the window-card *can* work wonders and is a great stand-by.

The second or postcard-in-shop-window method costs about sixpence a week. Its chief merit is that it gives your property more publicity than the home window-notice and much less than the newspaper advertisement. Moreover, the postcard can be phrased in any way you think most likely to attract suitable clients, whereas the newspapers usually reserve the right to reject anything of which they do not approve. Most people judge a house by its occupants rather than its architecture and state of repair. A jerry-built, tumbledown shack occupied by a somebody can be a much better sales proposition than the soundest property occupied by a nobody. The

market for houses occupied by artists and atheists is poor, whereas the houses of well-to-do or highly respectable types (pools-promoters or bath-superintendents) are always in demand. It follows that the composition of your postcard message is of extreme importance. Something like this will usually succeed:

FOR SALE
GOOD HOUSE

Owner-occupier, M.A. (Cantab.),
retiring to country seat.
Phone offers to Primula 81327.
No agents, communists, free-
thinkers or intellectuals.

There is little to add about newspaper advertisements except that they seldom appear in print before you have changed your mind about wanting to remove.

I turn now to personal selling or direct-contact salesmanship. There is only one really satisfactory method of conducting a client round your home, and it needs careful preparation. Plan the itinerary down to the last detail, learn it by heart and *stick to it*. Start with the view from the best bedroom window and keep returning to it. Any room which appears sub-standard can be described as "the nursery," "another play-room" or "where we have fun and games." Leave all doors on the route wide open (except those locked against children, eccentric grandmothers, junk and horrible eyesores) as a precaution against falling knobs, jamming, etc., and to allow a smell of choice cooking or coffee to circulate freely. In response to awkward questions answer easily and promptly:

"Does the water-heater work satisfactorily?"

"Why, yes, but we find the coke-boiler so much more convenient."

"Did you have any bomb-damage? Those cracks..."

"Oh, those! No, nothing structural—just the plaster shrinking a bit."

"How about the neighbours?"

"Neighbours? Well, we hear their cars occasionally, but that's about all. Oh, no, I believe we did borrow the Hawkins's motor-mower one year."

And so on.

Finally we come to the question of price. As soon as you get an acceptable offer, make it guineas, add what would have been the agent's fee and anything between ten and twenty-five per cent. for curtains and linos, and congratulate your client on his luck. But don't part with your stair-carpet.

Hod.

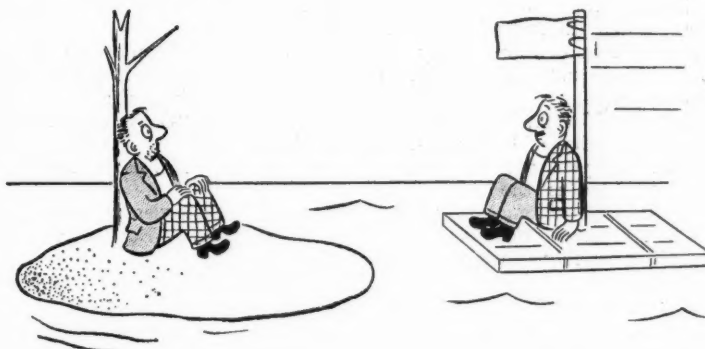
Ahem!

HEM of my heart's de-
light
Art thou extended quite?
Nay, lovely, get thee down!
Come, I will let thee down
Into the light.

Though thou art strangely frayed,
And of a different shade,

Let who will laugh a bit,
Cover my calf a bit;
Come to my aid.

Bring that sweet inch I spy
Into the public eye,
Thou must be strong enough,
Thou *must* be long enough
Or thou must die! V. G.



Gais

Umbrageous Notes from Paris

I SHALL not lightly ask Hodgkin to Mme. Boulot's again. I am very upset by what happened there last night.

I think I have had occasion to refer in these records to the School Certificate Examinations of 1921. A glance at the results of these should be enough to show that I am not unfamiliar with the French language. It is true that my friends at Mme. Boulot's sometimes find a peculiar difficulty in following the construction of some of my sentences, and do not always wait for their completion.

Hodgkin's French, however, has never risen above Lower Fourth standard. If you say to him in French "Where is the pen of my aunt?" he will automatically reply "The pen of my aunt is behind the church," or possibly "in the house of the gardener."

It was therefore with some misgiving that I took him to Mme. Boulot's last night. I hoped to show him how, by a careful observance of the nuances of Gallic conversation and the deft insertion of the *mot juste*, it is perfectly simple for an Anglo-Saxon to feel quite at home in French surroundings.

The first thing Hodgkin did, instead of murmuring the accepted greeting "*Bonsoir, 'sieurs, dames,*" was to wring Mme. Boulot warmly by the hand and pat her daughter on the cheek.

Not content with that, he attracted

immediate attention to himself—incidentally creating a very awkward precedent for me—by bellowing "*Bwosong pour tout le monde.*"

Before I had time to translate for Mme. Boulot, which I was good-humouredly preparing to do, fourteen glasses of aperitif appeared magically on the counter. Hodgkin was at once surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd, and seemed not to notice the bill, which I paid.

The following is an extract from the conversation, if such it can be termed, which then took place:

M. Albert. "O là là, moi spik no good English."

Hodgkin. "Moi parle lousy Frongsay."

Both lift their glasses.

M. Jacques. "English very chic pipples."

Hodgkin. "Frongsay tray bonn."

And so on, *ad nauseam*.

But the most striking feature of the evening was what might perhaps be called the renaissance of M. Alphonse. This ancient character sits in the same corner at Mme. Boulot's every evening, and (except on one notable occasion) I had never seen him show any sign of life.

To everyone's astonishment he suddenly emerged from the torpor into which he is said to have fallen shortly after the Franco-Prussian war, and hobbled violently in Hodgkin's direction.

"Chin-chin, cheerio, Tipperary," he

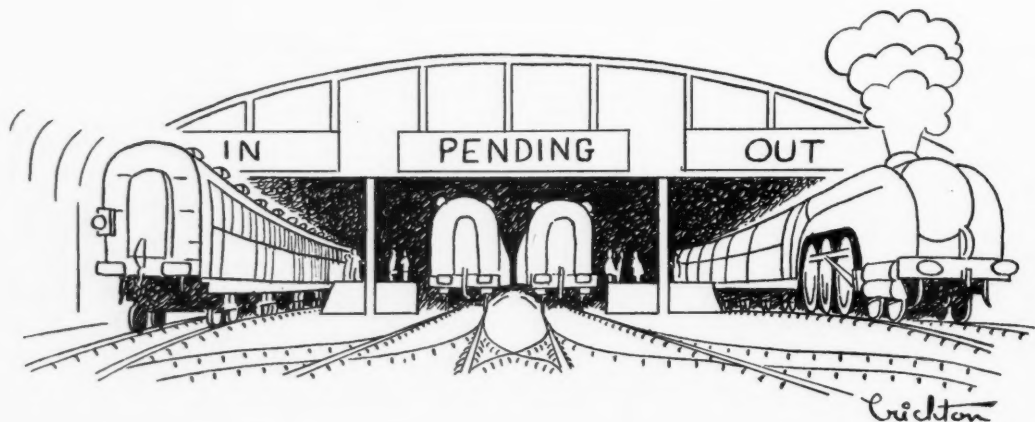
said to Hodgkin enthusiastically. This shook us all, and especially wounded me. I have many times tried to engage M. Alphonse in conversation about the weather and the crops, or the political situation of the moment, but totally without response. I cannot see why Hodgkin should succeed where I have failed.

"Pip-pip, ol bin," M. Alphonse croaked, now thoroughly roused. He hammered on Hodgkin's chest. "Rosbif, Mademoiselle from Armentières, parlez-vous!" He chuckled revoltingly, and Hodgkin roared with laughter—in execrable taste, I thought.

"Moi donne vous vang," bawled Hodgkin into M. Alphonse's serviceable ear. M. Alphonse nodded delightedly. Mme. Boulot, who had not smiled since an absent-minded customer left a twenty-franc note on the counter last Thursday, gleefully produced two large glasses of superior Bordeaux (year unspecified).

I shall pass over the next hour, merely remarking that Hodgkin's behaviour deteriorated from loud to uproarious, and that I spent an uncomfortable evening on the edge of his throng of admirers.

I cannot understand why nearly everyone in Rue Chameau asked me this morning when they would again have the pleasure of seeing "the charming Englishman who spoke such excellent French."

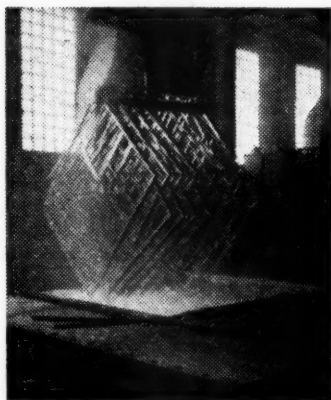


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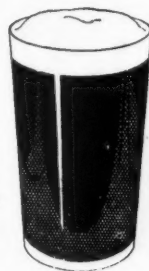
CRITTALL WINDOWS



an engineering product

MADE STRICTLY AS LAID DOWN IN
BRITISH STANDARD SPECIFICATION
NO. 990 : 1945: DELIVERED WITHIN A
FEW WEEKS BY ROAD DIRECT TO SITE.

THE CRITTALL MANUFACTURING CO. LTD.
BRAINTREE ENGLAND



Stronger!



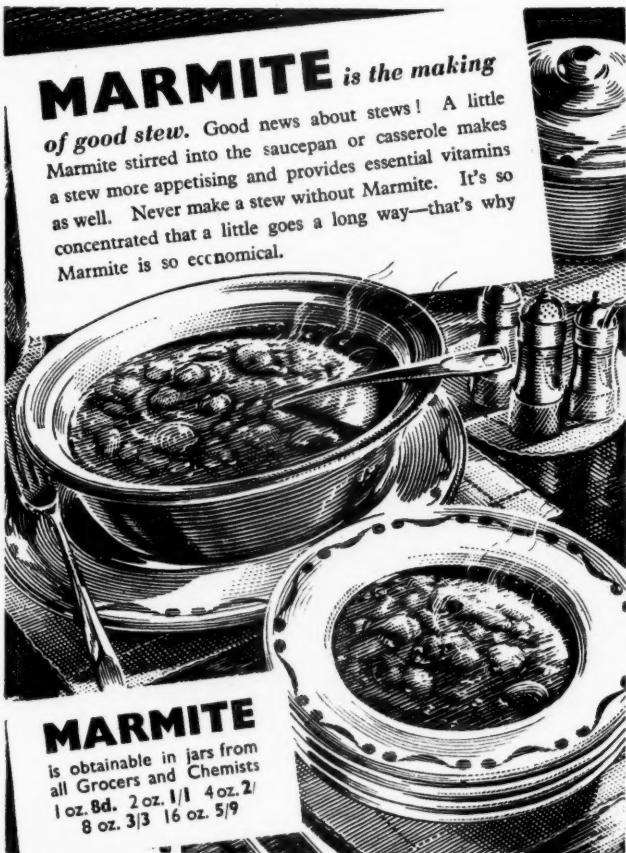
Good!

You've had something
worth drinking when
you've had a **GUINNESS**

G.E.1373.5

MARMITE is the making

of good stew. Good news about stews! A little Marmite stirred into the saucepan or casserole makes a stew more appetising and provides essential vitamins as well. Never make a stew without Marmite. It's so concentrated that a little goes a long way—that's why Marmite is so economical.



MARMITE

is obtainable in jars from
all Grocers and Chemists
1 oz. 8d. 2 oz. 1/1 4 oz. 2/
8 oz. 3/3 16 oz. 5/9



Someone's in luck!

—if it's you, treat with care one of the few pairs
'not for Export.' They deserve it.

Morlands

THE FAMOUS "GLASTONBURYS" FOOTWEAR

"Old Bleach"

Furnishings Limited

Randalstown, Northern Ireland

Manufacture Fabrics

for Hangings, Loose Coverings,

Repps, Piece-dyed Linen,

Screen and Machine Prints

ALL GUARANTEED FAST VAT COLOURS

Makers of the war-proved **Obax Canvases**

Grey and coloured for Sail Cloths, Tarpaulins, etc.

Supplied through all well-known

Ship-furnishers and Contractors

Trade enquiries to 26 Berners Street, London W.1
212 Bath Street, Glasgow C.2



Under five—but Very Important People. That's why they have to have Very Important Priorities. Or rather—ought to have. The Government gives them first call on foods that help them to grow up sturdy and sound. But it's up to you to see that they get them. Check through this list and make sure that your children are having all they're entitled to.

These Foods for Health and Growth

There's **MILK**—Nature's finest "all-round" nourishment for young growing creatures! Children need every drop of their **Priority Milk** for making firm muscle, straight bones, and for its growth-promoting vitamins. So don't let any of the children's milk find its way into the family teacups.

There are two other foods that children sometimes go without because it is not always realised that they are foods—**COD LIVER OIL** and **ORANGE JUICE**. These are not medicines for little invalids but foods needed by normal children all the year round.

COD LIVER OIL helps make bones grow straight and strong and aids the development of sound teeth. It also protects from eye trouble and strengthens natural resistance to illness.

ORANGE JUICE makes and keeps teeth and gums healthy, gives a lovely clear skin and guards from infection.

Eggs are also rich in body-building nourishment children need.

FRUIT when available is a healthy treat—but get it in addition to, not instead of, the orange juice.

How to get Priority Foods

You get **Cod Liver Oil** and **Orange Juice** from special distribution centres, clinics, food offices and other convenient places. Your Food Office will tell you your nearest, but you need not go to the same place every time. There are special coupons in the Green Ration Book for these two foods. You pay 5d. a bottle for orange juice by sticking postage stamps on the coupons; but it is free in some circumstances. **Cod Liver Oil** is always free.

MILK, EGGS AND FRUIT. These you get at your usual retailers on the Green Ration Book—the milk at reduced price, or free in certain circumstances. Babies can have **National Dried Milk** instead of liquid milk, and your Food Office will tell you how to get this.

Your Food Office will help you

If there are any details you want to know, or if you are not clear about anything, do go and ask your Food Office to tell you. It is there to help you.



ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

(S.190)

The manufacturers of



share the regrets of their many loyal and valued friends at the current shortage of their products in the Home Market. They look forward to the time when both Export and Home markets may receive equal consideration.



All enquiries to the makers,

LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD., Queen Street Works, 54 Regina Street, London, N.W.1

1848—Established 100 Years—1948

LANDSCAPE
SHOP ASSISTANT
TYPIST
COOK
DOCTOR
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Keep Your Nails Clean, and Hands Well Groomed!

Perox Chlor is the Magic Nail Cleaner and Hand Beautifier. It takes out the dirt, makes the tips Ivory White and leaves the hands **SOFT, WHITE AND FRAGRANT.**

Your nails and hands will always look well groomed when using this **NEW SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT. NO MESS!! NO BOTHER!!** Just squeeze a little on your nail brush and shampoo your nails and hands. Presto!!! Your nails and hands become immaculate immediately.

Thousands use Perox Chlor every day. And what a boon it is to surgeons, doctors, gardeners, motorists, housewives, typists, nurses, sailors, soldiers, airmen, farmers and many more besides.

From all Chemists and Stores. In tubes and jars.

★ **OUR GUARANTEE.** We guarantee that Perox-Chlor is made from materials selected as being the best of their kind, processed in an original manner and designed to produce an article of outstanding merit. It is guaranteed to keep in good condition until used and may be stored in any kind of climate.

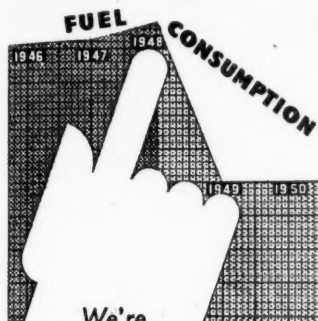
KEENES Perox-Chlor

A marvel of Scientific Chemistry

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Engineers
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**RATTRAY'S
OLD GOWRIE
TOBACCO**

It requires very great discernment to select the choicest Virginia leaf, and then the accumulated skill of the craftsmen to prepare them in such a way that they produce the satisfying coolness and delicate aroma of Old Gowrie. It is indeed a clean, sweet and altogether delightful smoke, free, as all our tobaccos are, from artificial flavouring.

Appreciative letters, such as the one quoted here, come from all over the world and give us great pleasure and satisfaction.

From B.A.O.R.:
"Please accept the thanks and praises of myself and two or three others in this Unit for your faultless service and the consistency of your tobacco. An officer here who last tasted Old Gowrie's delights in the jungles of Burma, sampled mine and declared it identical—he also promptly confiscated a share in the name of comradeship."

Obtainable only from

Chas. Rattray
Tobacco
Blender
PERTH, SCOTLAND

Price 72/- per lb., Post Paid.
Send 18/- for sample 1-lb. tin, Post Free.

Be sure to ask for
"WARDONIA"
the **Finest** of
all Razor Blades

A Full-brogue Oxford, Antique finished, in Brown. 75/9 Limited stocks



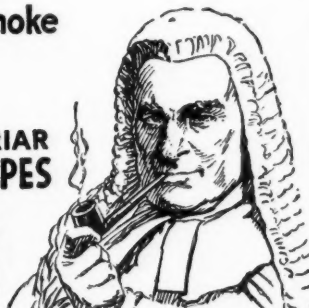
**K shoe
for a man**

All shrewd Judges smoke

Orlik BRIAR
PIPES

The demand for Orlik pipes far exceeds the supply, but the quality is still as good as ever. If you have difficulty in obtaining a genuine Orlik London-made pipe, please write to us for address of the nearest Tobacconist who may be able to supply you.

L. ORLIK LTD.
17-18, Old Bond St., London, W.1
Established 1899



Also PETROL LIGHTERS & POUCHES
Orlik wind-proof Petrol Lighters give a sure light for cigarette or pipe, indoors or out. Orlik Pouches in a variety of styles.



**Pedigree
Regent**

INCORPORATES:—

- HANDLES THAT FOLD in a second to save space in the home.
- SAFETY DEVICE automatically coming into action when brake is put on, to prevent baby tipping the pram.
- AND NUMEROUS OTHER PEDIGREE PRAM FEATURES.

All good pram shops
sell Pedigree Prams!

Made by LINES BROS. LTD. MERTON, LONDON, S.W.19

PURELY PERSONAL

HOW TO BRIGHTEN a Brown
Study—light up a King Six
Cigar (1/6d. each)

COINTREAU
Extra Dry for Rejuvenated
The Finest
Liqueur
Indispensable
in Cocktails
THE WELL
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**Dogs prefer
SPILLERS
SHAPES**



***4 out of 5 may get
Gum Trouble**

but not me!

Guard against—Tender, Sore, Spongy and Bleeding Gums. Dentists, for many years, have used Forhans astringent and reported completely satisfactory results. They also recommend Forhans Special Formula for the Gums Dentifrice for use at home because it contains the special ingredient of Forhans astringent. See your dentist regularly.

*Based on clinical reports



ON SALE ALL OVER THE WORLD

**Don't forget
your...**

Andy



GARDEN GLOVES
4/11 per pair, of Ironmongers and Stores or direct (post 3d.). One coupon per pair.
TEDSON, THORNLEY & CO., ROCHDALE

For **RHEUMATISM**
and all kindred ills

CURICONES

Obtainable from all Chemists

Safeguard Your Teeth!



With **KENT** Exclusive
BLENDED BRISTLES

- AVOID ABRASIVE ACTION.
- PREVENT INJURY TO ENAMEL AND GUMS.

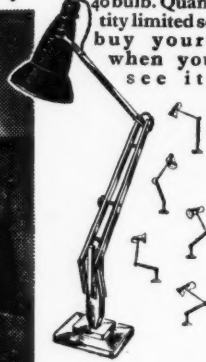
KENT OF LONDON
Best British Brushes



when **ANGLEPOISE** came in!



for this wonder-lamp puts the light exactly where you want it... on the object, not in your eyes. If you want to knit, read, do close work or type to perfection without eye strain it takes any one of 1001 angles—and holds it. Saves current too—needs only a 20 or 40 bulb. Quantity limited so buy yours when you see it!



THE **TERRY** Anglepoise Lamp
NEW LAMPS FOR OLD (eyes)
Sole Makers: **HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD.** REDDITCH
London, Manchester, Birmingham.

THE BEST NEWS YET

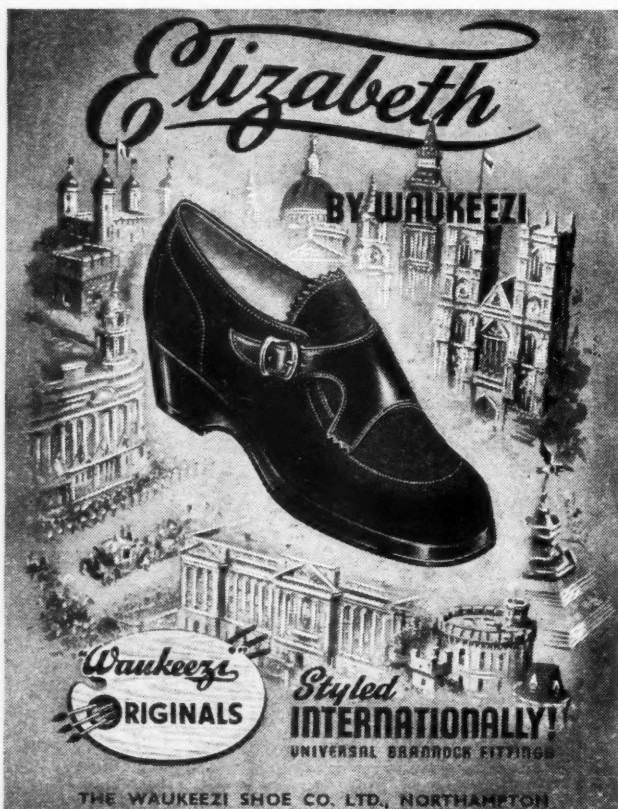
For Blonde or Brunette



And now the good "tempered" Kirbigrip can help you glorify your glamour—in FOUR LOVELY COLOURS, specially made for your hairshade, also in three sizes to suit every hairstyle. STANDARD—choice of Golden Blonde, Silver-Grey, Black or Brown. EXTRA LONG—Black or Brown. NEW SMALL CURL SIZE—in Black or Brown.

The good 'tempered'
"KIRBIGRIP"

Obtainable from all good Stores, made in England by Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd. Birmingham & London



If this model is out of stock there will be other WAUKEEZEE styles at your agent



It warms you
and intrigues you
with its rich
original flavour

PRUITT
APERITIF
27/-
PER BOTTLE

RAWLINGS & SONS (LONDON) LTD.

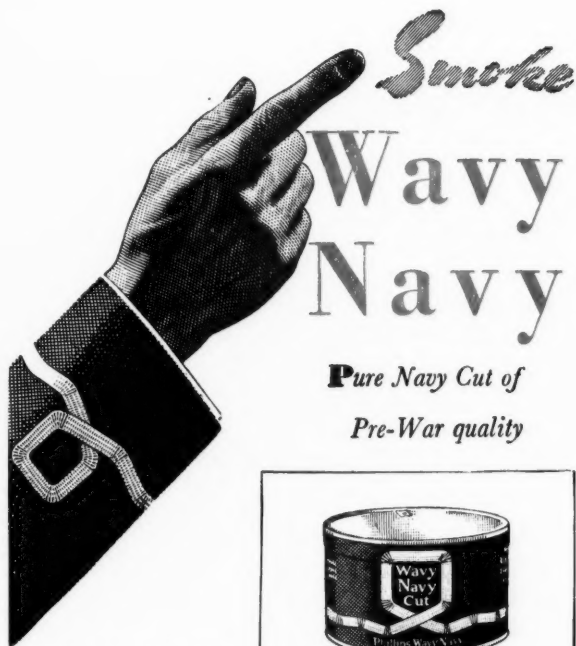
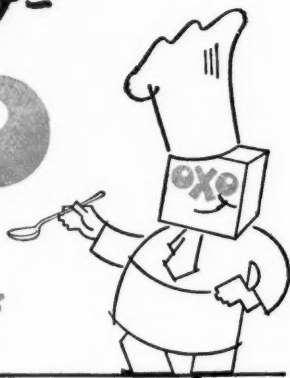
THE OXO-ENGLISH DICTIONARY

Enrich, (*v.t.*) make rich
add to contents of; make rich in
quality and flavour etc. Hence
ENRICHMENT, (*n.*) that which is
enriched with OXO...

in brief-

OXO

FOR
TASTY DISHES



Pure Navy Cut of
Pre-War quality



2 OZ. AIRTIGHT TIN 8/5
1 OZ. FOILED PACKET 4/2½

Also ready rubbed

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD
MANUFACTURERS
and GUARANTORS

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WELL-KNOWN BRITISH HABITS



Paying the piper . . . Always being
ready to face the music in . . .

Wolsey

Underwear and Cardinal Socks

Wolsey Ltd. Leicester

Jacqmar spring prints
have the "new look" too

On view at all
Jacqmar Shops
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Jacqmar

16, Grosvenor Street, London.W.1.



“Naturally, Pobjoy,
my people let me guide them
about ‘pre-fitting’”

WE, FOR OUR PART, were guided in our cutting of ‘Clydella’ Pre-fitted Shirts and Pyjamas by a wide and careful study of hundreds of school-boys’ measurements. That is why these shirts and pyjamas are made in normal and long fittings. You will notice, too, that they have generous tucks and hems, to allow for growth. We wish that supplies of ‘Clydella’ were more generous, too, but we hope they will steadily improve.

‘Clydella’
REGD.

PRE-FITTED SCHOOL SHIRTS & PYJAMAS

If they Shrink – we Replace

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF



‘VIVELLA’ AND ‘DAYELLA’

**After a
good day's work
for Britain**



**–that's
when beer is best**

